

ST. NICHOLAS.

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SIR MORVEN'S HUNT.

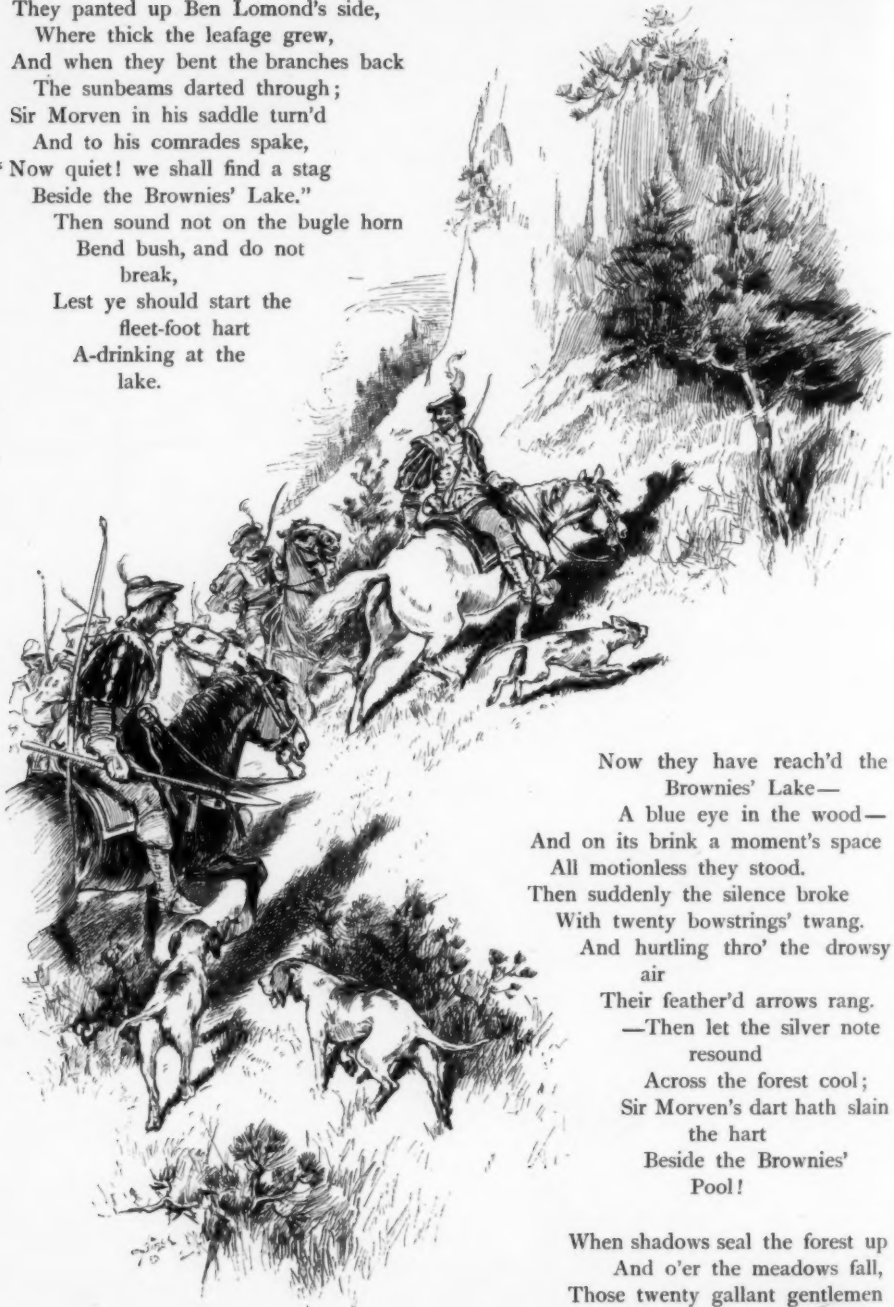
BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

OH, it's twenty gallant gentlemen,
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They gallop'd thro' the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest tost his plume.
There's no delight, by day or night,
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood,
By ferny dell and glade,
And now and then upon their cloaks
The summer sunshine played.
They heard the timid forest birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But no stag did they see.
Wind, wind the horn on summer morn!
Tho' ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentlemen
A-following the deer.

They panted up Ben Lomond's side,
 Where thick the leafage grew,
 And when they bent the branches back
 The sunbeams darted through;
 Sir Morven in his saddle turn'd
 And to his comrades spake,
 "Now quiet! we shall find a stag
 Beside the Brownies' Lake."

Then sound not on the bugle horn
 Bend bush, and do not
 break,
 Lest ye should start the
 fleet-foot hart
 A-drinking at the
 lake.



Now they have reach'd the
 Brownies' Lake—
 A blue eye in the wood—
 And on its brink a moment's space
 All motionless they stood.
 Then suddenly the silence broke
 With twenty bowstrings' twang.
 And hurtling thro' the drowsy
 air
 Their feather'd arrows rang.
 —Then let the silver note
 resound
 Across the forest cool;
 Sir Morven's dart hath slain
 the hart
 Beside the Brownies'
 Pool!

When shadows seal the forest up
 And o'er the meadows fall,
 Those twenty gallant gentlemen
 Come riding to the Hall;

With gleam of torch and merry shout
 They crowd the courtyard then,
 To lift from Morven's saddle-bow
 A royal stag of ten.
 Oh, lay aside the trusty spear,
 And lay aside the horn!
 To-night we 'll feast upon the deer,
 And hunt another morn.



NAN MERRIFIELD'S CHOICE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

THE front door banged, an umbrella fell into the stand with a sharp click, and a boy's voice shouted:

"Hello!"

"In here," came the answer from behind the portières, and Bob Merrifield walked into his uncle's library, to find his cousin Nan seated comfortably on the floor in front of the low book-shelves.

A saucy lifting of the eyebrows was her greeting, followed by the question:

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

"Oh! it was a rather wet afternoon, and I did n't have a good book, and Jack's gone to the city," was the answer, given with the usual politeness of fifteen-year-old cousins.

"And you thought I might serve to amuse you under such circumstances? Much obliged,

I am sure; but as long as you are here you can make yourself useful. We have to find an example of oratorical climax for Monday's Rhetoric, and Miss Bird told me to look in Patrick Henry's speeches. Just hunt it up for me, will you?" and Nan handed him the volume over which she had been bending.

Bob turned the pages slowly, then with—"Here you are, I guess," read a portion of the famous appeal to arms. Beginning with, "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery," he grew more and more earnest, till at the last well-known words, "Give me liberty, or give me death," his voice rose to a ring of enthusiasm that caused the audience of one to clap heartily from her seat on the arm of the sofa.

With a rather sheepish look, Bob tossed the book upon a chair near by, saying:

"One cannot read such words without roaring. Is that the speech you wanted?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Nan; "but you need n't be ashamed of the 'roaring,' as you call it. I am sure I wish you would speak it that way in school."

"Could n't do it, Miss Merrifield. Imagine your humble servant committing prose, when verses nearly use him up. Why, it would take a whole afternoon to learn enough of that to make a show."

"Well, I think it would pay better than some of the things you boys recite. I am so tired of 'Abou Ben Adhem' and 'Marco Bozaris'; as for dear 'Horatius,' I sometimes wish he had been nicely drowned in his beloved Father Tiber, 'with all his harness on his back.' I tell you, if I were a boy, I would just set to work and learn some of those grand prose things, if"—and a scornful gleam shown in Nan's brown eyes—"if it did 'take a whole afternoon'!"

"The only chance I ever had," she went on, "was when Miss Jackson had us commit the first and last clauses of the Declaration. Do you remember?"

"I should think I did," was Bob's reply; "and fine work some of you girls made of it. Was n't it a lark to hear Lily Ames recite with that pretty little lisp, 'our liveth, our fortuneth, and our thacred honor'?"

Both cousins laughed heartily at the recollection.

"By the by," said Nan, "our turn to speak comes in two weeks. Have you chosen your piece?"

"Yes, and I have a fine one for you, too. Do you know 'The Jackdaw of Rheims'? Where 's the poetry encyclopedia?"

Nan brought it from the table, and both heads bent eagerly over the index.

"'Barbauld,' 'Barbour,' 'Barham,' page three-fifty-six,—here it is!" Then for five minutes there was no sound but the beating of the raindrops as the cousins read the bright poem in silence.

"It 's just splendid!" exclaimed Nan, as she finished; "but don't you want it for yourself?"

"Too long by half; besides, I hate those wiggling verses. Give me nice, respectable four-liners, with two rhymes to a stanza."

"You lazy creature! What is your choice this time?"

"Goldsmith's 'Mad Dog'; know it? It 's just my style; not very long, and you can't tell whether it 's meant to be sad or comical. It will be great fun watching the folks' faces. You just wait till you see the solemnity with which I shall declaim—

The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died!"

"Why, do you know it already?" questioned Nan, in surprise.

"Almost. Some one gave it to Baby Nell in a picture-book, and she kept me reading it to her till I could n't help learning it by heart."

Nan burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"You certainly are the most labor-saving individual, Bob Merrifield; but all the same I am ever so much obliged for The Jackdaw. It 's exactly what I like; it is funny, but not silly."

"I thought it would suit, and I guess you 'll do it all right, for you are pretty good at that sort of thing, if you are my cousin."

"Much obliged for the compliment, and I 'll return it, only I cannot help wishing that you would try Patrick Henry."

"I will leave him for you, this time; but there!—Jack's train is due, and I must go. If you take The Jackdaw, be sure to get him up in fine style. I 'll promise to start the applause." And with a farewell pull of his cousin's long braids, Bob departed as suddenly as he had come.

Left to herself, Nan proceeded to read her chosen piece aloud.

"It 's the best I have had in two years. I know just what gestures to make, and I 'll wear my new red dress." There she paused and smiled to herself, for somehow the prospect was very pleasing.

Nan Merrifield was not exactly vain of her gift for recitation; but who does not take pleasure in the consciousness of doing a thing acceptably?

It was only that morning that one of her friends had said:

"I am so glad we are coming to the middle of the alphabet. It is such a relief when it is

time for you two Merrifields, for you always have such nice, funny pieces."

It was of these words that Nan was thinking when the clock, striking six, reminded her that dinner would be in half an hour. She picked up the volume of speeches, and her eyes fell again on Patrick Henry's famous words.

"How I wish I could do it!" she sighed, and then proceeded to read the speech through with her finest emphasis; but the result was anything but satisfactory, and she closed the book with an exclamation of disgust. "No, it needs the 'roaring,' as Bob said; but I do wish there was some great, quiet thing that I could learn and speak, for I am getting tired of doing just funny things; besides,"—as she pushed the book into its place with a vindictive slap,—“I should like one chance to shame those lazy boys."

Turning the new notion over in her mind, she went slowly up-stairs to prepare for dinner. Twenty minutes later, in all the bravery of a new dress, she danced down the staircase and paused with a low courtesy before the hall mirror. The scarlet and black image, with its rosy cheeks, dancing brown eyes, and long flying braids mocked her. The idea of that figure attempting anything serious was ridiculous, and with her head at its sauciest angle, Nan recited:

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it, Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

Those two lines of her prospective piece had greatly tickled Nan's fancy, for, fifteen-year-old

girl that she was, she loved fun as heartily as any boy that ever lived.

With scarcely a pause after the last word, she raised one arm upward, then, pushing her other hand inside the jacket-front of her black-velvet zouave, she proceeded to declaim: "'Give me liberty or give me—'" but just there the bangles on her upraised wrist slipped down with a silvery ring; the contrast between that very feminine sound and the words she was recit-

ing was too much for Nan's dignity, and the speech ended in a merry laugh.

As she turned from the mirror, she caught sight of a figure standing in the shadow of the staircase. With a cry of joy she dashed forward.

"Brother Jim! I am so glad you have come. We did not expect you till to-morrow."

And some one else was glad too, if the close clasp in which the little sister was held meant anything. But there was a roguish twinkle in the brother's eyes as he



"'HERE IT IS,' SAID NAN."

hung up his coat and remarked:

"Would you kindly inform me what wonderful composition you were declaiming just now? It struck me as a most remarkable mixture of slang and solemnity."

Nan laughed.

"I'll tell you all about it after dinner. I want a serious talk with you, too, on a serious subject, as soon as possible."

"As serious as you like, little woman. I have an engagement at eight-thirty; but the time between that and dinner is at your disposal"; and young Mr. Merrifield went up-stairs for his mother's welcome.

In that last reply of his, lies the key to Nan's ardent love for her only brother.

"Why, yes; he teases me of course," she would answer, when questioned as to that inherent quality of the fraternal class. "But, somehow, it is always when I don't mind, and when I want him to be serious, he is."

It was to "Brother Jim" that she brought her difficult problems for explanation. It was he who heard her history-lessons, and drew such interesting plans of those dreadful Civil War campaigns that she could actually remember that Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were on the same side of the Rappahannock. It was Brother Jim who had concocted such a famous scheme for learning the Latin conjugations, and it was on the arm of this same brother's chair that Nan took her seat after dinner and told her new idea, ending with the question:

"Do you think it is silly?"

"Silly? No," and her brother stroked his mustache, thoughtfully. "On the whole, I think it would be most sensible if it could be carried out, for of course a failure would never do. You would need a certain kind of a speech. Are your desires particularly set on Patrick Henry?"

"Oh, no; I thought perhaps you would know something that would not need so much shouting."

"Well, let me see, there's Webster's famous speech, with the Massachusetts part and the Union ending. How would you like one of those selections?" and her brother laid an open book before Nan's eager eyes.

She read the two extracts, slowly.

"Yes, they are very grand-sounding; but I should have to keep thinking what the long words meant,—besides, they are only parts. Did n't any one ever write a short, great speech, that I could understand right off?" asked Nan, with a beseeching tone in her earnest voice.

A short, great speech that she could understand? To one familiar with his country's oratory, there was little question where to find a composition answering to that description. Opening the book again, Mr. Merrifield said:

"There are two: Lincoln's second inaugural

and his Gettysburg address. Read them carefully"; and he took up the evening paper. But he found the stock-quotations decidedly dull when compared with the intent young face beside him.

First she read the inaugural; then, turning the leaf, she began the immortal speech. Twice the brown eyes traveled over the short page; then lifting a face glowing with suppressed feeling, she asked:

"Do you really think that I could say this without hurting it?"

Her brother smiled at the anxious tone, then said reassuringly:

"Yes, indeed; I don't see why not. All you need do is to recite in such a way that the audience will forget all about you, and think only of the words you are saying, and the thoughts they stand for. That does not seem very difficult, and yet, as we have but two weeks, you will have to work hard."

"I don't mind the hard work, if you'll only tell me how," exclaimed Nan, all eagerness to begin.

"First comes the committing. To do that well, you must know every next word without thinking, for there will be no rhymes to help along. Study it aloud, Nannie, if you can, and when you have said it five times in succession without a mistake, then we'll see about the expression. There! I have preached quite a sermon on elocution, but my time is up. Good night, little orator"; and with a kiss on the rosy cheek near him, Brother Jim departed.

During the next few days Nan realized that her task was more difficult than she had supposed. Many a time she blundered over those two clauses in the middle of the speech that seem so similar and yet are so different. But she kept bravely at work, and Wednesday evening met her brother with the triumphant exclamation: "I've done it seven whole times without a mistake!"

After dinner the library doors were closed and the training began.

Nan had decided to have no gestures.

"I never could make any fit for the words," she said, "and my hands look so like a girl. Don't you think I could put them behind my back? They would be out of sight then, and I

know the people that make speeches do that sometimes."

After a moment's thought, her brother said yes.

"Say it through once," were his next words, and Nan obeyed. There was a slight tremble in the girlish voice, but the words were spoken with no hesitation, and in such a way that the hearer felt instinctively the love and reverence that they had aroused in the heart of the speaker.

"Very good, so far," was the brother's com-

ized till then how Catiline must have shaken in his shoes. I suppose you would call it a sort of reserved force, and that 's what I want for you."

There is no use trying to tell how Nan enjoyed the evenings that followed, for her brother told her story after story of his favorite hero, Lincoln, and Saturday took her to New York to see the famous cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. After that, the words, "the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here," meant more to her than ever before.



"BOB'S SOLEMNITY WAS IRRESISTIBLE." (SEE PAGE 763.)

ment; "only, of course, it must be stronger. The great thing for a woman is to speak clearly, because she cannot shout—and ought not, either. I remember when I was in the high school our teacher had a fancy to have us read our Cicero in the Latin, with proper emphasis, and there was one girl who beat us all; for while we boys thundered with all our lung-power, she, with her low, clear voice made us actually shiver. In fact, I think I never real-

The day after her decision she had met Bob, and remarked:

"I have found another piece, and I do wish you would take The Jackdaw."

"What 's the matter? Going to give us Patrick?" with a quizzical grin.

"No, I 'm not."

"Is your new one better than The Jackdaw?"

"Yes, I think so."

"As long?"

"No."

"Well, I thought you'd find those peculiar verses rather a pull. My Mad Dog is fine. They'll applaud it more than yours."

"I know they will," and the conversation ended.

There had also been the announcement to the rhetoric teacher. Ten days before the time for recitation, each scholar was obliged to report the name of the piece chosen.

The teacher glanced at the title written on the slip of paper that Nan gave her, then exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Merrifield, do you really mean that this is your choice?" and she looked up as if expecting to hear that the girl was joking.

"Yes; it is, Miss Bird," was Nan's answer. "I really want to speak it, and my brother is showing me how. You have no objections, have you?"

"Why, no. I suppose it is a good plan to be familiar with such things, and you generally know your pieces, so I trust this will be well committed."

"Yes, Ma'am"; and Nan retired, saying to herself, "Well committed!—as if that were all!"

Friday morning came. Her brother was to be away till Saturday evening.

"Good luck to you, little sister. Do your best for Abraham Lincoln," were his last words; and Nan felt as if a solemn trust had been committed to her keeping.

"I suppose you will want to wear your new dress this afternoon?" her mother remarked, as they rose from the luncheon-table.

"Does n't this one look well enough?" asked Nan, with an anxious glance at the plain folds of her dark-green school-dress.

"Yes, indeed; only I thought the girls tried to be a little gayer on speaking-days."

"They do, generally, but—well—Mother dear, you know what my piece is, and somehow I want to do everything I can to make them forget about me and think only of the great words I am saying. See, I have even changed my hair-ribbons"; and with a tremulous little laugh she pulled her braids over her shoulder, showing two neat dark bows, in place of the floating cardinal ribbons that usually served to keep the bonny brown locks in place.

Mrs. Merrifield did not even smile.

"I understand, little daughter. You have Mother's best wishes for your success," was all she said; but in her heart she felt that more than Lincoln's great words would be needed to make her forget, for one instant, the sweetly serious face that had been lifted for her tender kiss. However, we all know that mothers are different from most observers.

When Nan entered the school-room, her first act was to look toward the large blackboard above the platform. She breathed a sigh of relief: the program had not yet been written. There were several glances at her dress, and one girl exclaimed:

"Why, I thought it was your turn to speak this afternoon?"

"It is," was Nan's reply as she walked to her seat and began to look over her algebra. How she got through her recitations Nan never knew. "You can't forget it; you can almost say it backward," she kept saying to herself; but in her heart she knew that her burning cheeks and shaking hands came from no fear of forgetting, but from the dread of bringing into shame those grand words that she had learned to reverence so deeply.

Two o'clock struck, and Miss Bird came in to write the program. It was the custom at Norton high school to hold a rhetorical exercise of an hour, every Friday afternoon. There were, usually, three essays and three recitations. Those who took part were selected alphabetically from the three upper classes.

The program for this Friday was as follows:

Essay—"The County Fair"..... WALTER JENNINGS.
Recitation—"The Inchcape Rock".... ALFRED LANE.
Essay—"Curiosity"..... HELEN KING.
Recitation—"The Mad Dog".... ROBERT MERRIFIELD.
Essay—"My Favorite Heroine"..... KATE LESLIE.
Recitation—"The Gettysburg Address".....

ANNA MERRIFIELD.

There it stood, at last, read by three hundred curious eyes. Nan felt the many glances that were turned toward her. It was a relief when Miss Bird announced the first number on the program. Just at that moment the door opened and Mr. Lester, the principal, entered, followed by a tall, white-haired man, whom all the schol-

ars knew to be Judge Lane, one of Norton's most prominent citizens. He mounted the platform, bowed with courtly grace as Miss Bird offered him a chair, then, slowly raising his gold-rimmed glasses, turned and read the program. Nan watched, with her heart beating fast, for the Judge was one of her father's friends, and she would have been so glad if she had felt sure of pleasing him. For just one moment she thought of The Jackdaw, then with an unconscious lifting of her head, and a silent "Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" turned her attention to the essay in progress. Walter Jennings was convulsing his hearers with his description of a county fair. Nan found herself laughing with the others, as he told of his investment of ten cents for the sight of the "wonderful phenomenon of a horse with his head where his tail ought to be," only to discover a poor old quadruped faced about in its stall. Nan's lip curled at the following recitation, for this was one of the stock pieces, and she was heartily weary of seeing "Sir Ralph the Rover's" wonderful performances, as interpreted by school-boy gestures. Helen King's "Curiosity" was as short and sparkling with wit and humor as high-school essays sometimes can be. Then came "The Mad Dog." Nan was obliged to confess that Bob's solemnity was irresistible. It was as he had predicted. The audience was not quite sure as to the humor or pathos of the piece, and Bob's sober countenance kept them well in doubt till at the end he recited the last two lines in the most commonplace fashion, and there followed an involuntary burst of merry applause. Judge Lane's eyes had twinkled all through the recitation, and Nan from her desk in the front row heard a subdued "Well done!" under cover of the applause.

"Oh, dear! I wish they did n't like funny things so well; but Kate will sober them down, for she always writes serious essays," was her inward comment. But—alas for her hopes! "My Favorite Heroine" turned out to be Mother Goose, and the dear old dame was served up in such an attractive style that even the coming orator could not help listening to the end. Kate made her courtesy, and Nan's time had come. Her knees shook as she left

her seat. It seemed an endless journey to the corner of the platform. She would not meet the mischievous look in Bob's eyes as she passed his desk, but she muttered, "I 'm wid yez, Patrick!" sounded clearly in her ears.

As she reached the platform her brother's parting words flashed through her mind, "Do your best for Abraham Lincoln."

There was no further hesitation; with steady step she passed to the front, linked both hands loosely behind her, then paused one second for perfect silence. The next instant there fell on the school-room air, in a voice low, but strong and clear as a sweet-toned bell, the opening words of Lincoln's masterpiece:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

One after another the short, grand phrases fell from the girlish lips. Every consonant received its full value, every word could be plainly heard in the farthest corner of the large room. Firm and strong rang the words:

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here,—

and with hushed earnestness the sentence closed—

but it can never forget what they did here.

Finally came the noble and inspiring close:

That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The room was still, as Nan paused, with a stillness more flattering than the loudest applause; but when she reached the head of the platform steps, the clapping began. It rose and fell with a vehemence seldom, if ever, heard before in that school-room. As Nan took her seat, she caught a glimpse of the Judge thumping his gold-headed cane with all his might, but under the bushy white brows there was a gleam of something in the keen eyes that all Bob's solemn fun had failed to bring there.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

"AS SHE REACHED THE PLATFORM, SHE REMEMBERED HER BROTHER'S PARTING WORDS,
'DO YOUR BEST FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN.'"

Of course there were many in that school-room audience who applauded "because the others did."

"What did possess them to make such a noise?" said Lena Chase, to her bosom friend. "I did n't see anything very wonderful. Why, she never made one gesture, and I am sure I have seen her look a great deal prettier lots of times."

"Yes, so have I," answered the bosom friend; "but I felt sort of shivery all the time she was reciting, and when she finished I could have cried or shouted, I don't exactly know which."

As for Nan herself, she was almost tired of being asked, "What made you do it?" "Are n't you ever going to speak any more funny pieces?"

To the former question her answer was the provoking but convenient "Maybe I'll tell you, sometime"; to the latter, "Yes, indeed. I have a very funny one for next time—one that Bob chose for me."

When she was half-way home that afternoon, she heard a quick tramp behind her. It came nearer, and finally halted at her side. The next minute, her cousin took the books from under her arm, while he said, holding out his right hand: "Shake hands on it, Nan. I give in; the Mad Dog was awfully tame, and I'm going to begin on Patrick to-morrow."

The following evening, when Mr. James Merrifield came into the library before dinner, he found a rather silent little sister gazing into the fire.

"Well, Nannie, how did it go?"

"I don't know, exactly; nobody laughed, and they looked pretty solemn, and—yes—they clapped quite loud, but somehow I did n't notice very much what happened. But I did remember what you said, and tried to do my best for you, and—Abraham Lincoln."

Before her brother could reply, her father came into the room. As Nan stood up for her evening kiss, he pinched her cheek and said, as he handed her a sealed envelop:

"When did you and Judge Lane begin a correspondence? He left this at my office to-day."

Nan broke the seal, and read in the Judge's stately handwriting:

MY DEAR MISS ANNA: I trust that the inclosed may serve to convey in some slight degree my appreciation of your fine rendering of the greatest speech in our literature. I feel that it would have been impossible for one who did not honor the writer of that speech, and also the occasion that called it forth, to have spoken those words as you did yesterday. It may be that your father has told you that my only son was among those "honored dead." I remain, Miss Anna,

Yours sincerely,

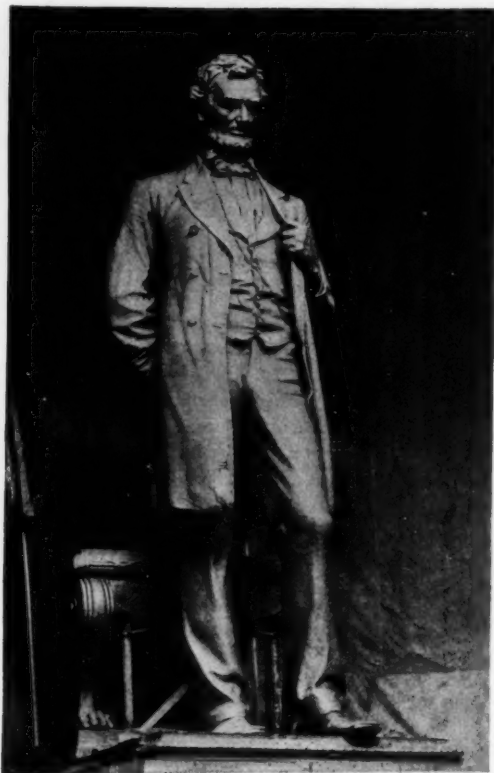
THOMAS N. LANE.

Father and brother thought the Judge would have been fully repaid for parting with one of his cherished autograph manuscripts had he seen the delight in Nan's face as she unfolded the inclosed sheet of note-paper. The slightly yellowed surface showed but a few lines of writing, but beneath them in plain, legible, homely characters, stood the signature—

Abraham Lincoln

The Merrifield family spent two weeks in Chicago last October. When Nan thinks of that fortnight of delights, it seems one long, beautiful dream of swift gliding over blue lagoons between white wonders called buildings; of fascinating strolls in the famous Midway, and of endless vistas of rare and curious productions. There is one day, however, that stands in the diary of her thoughts, stamped in letters of gold. Strange as it may seem, it was a day when she did not go to the Fair.

"Nan must see the Lake Shore Drive," her brother had remarked one morning. And a more perfect day for the sight could not have been chosen. A strong north wind was tossing the gleaming blue waves of Lake Michigan all a-tumble, as Nan and her brother walked along the famous avenue. Every now and then a soft hissing crash filled the air, while the feathery spray of the broken waves was tossed six feet or more above the granite breakwater. The girl drew long, delighted breaths of the



THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

keen wind as they turned the corner into Lincoln Park, and took their way toward a flight of granite steps.

"Whose statue is it?" was the question that trembled on Nan's lips as she stood with one hand resting on a huge bronze ball and looked up at the figure above. The question was never asked, for one glance into the strong, homely face looking down upon her was enough. Bronze is a hard metal, but the face of Lincoln, in St. Gaudens's statue, will always be tender and grand to every American.

After that first long look, Nan turned to her brother with an unconscious sigh of satisfaction.

"Look under your hand, Nannie," he said, and she obeyed. There, in letters of bronze, she saw the well-known words, beginning: "Fourscore and seven years ago." Slowly following the characters over the curves she read the speech to the end, then, with another glance at the face above, she turned away.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked her brother.

"Think of it?" came the prompt reply—"that it is the very best thing I have seen in all Chicago."

And Nan Merrifield thinks so still.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KETCH.

BEFORE making any attack upon Tripoli, Commodore Preble was awaiting the return of the "Siren," under Lieutenant-Commandant Stewart, which had been sent to Gibraltar for some stores, and to have some slight repairs made.

The Siren, however, did not come back as promptly as was expected, which annoyed Commodore Preble excessively. The officers, all of whom were Stewart's friends, were fearful that it might hurt him very much in the commodore's opinion. His arrival, therefore, was looked for anxiously, and every hour of the day, the question was asked, "Has anything been heard of Stewart?" And every day Commodore Preble's vexation became more evident. At last, one morning, seeing a very fine merchant ship that was bound for Gibraltar, making her way out of the harbor, the commodore signaled to her, and sent a boat with a letter to Captain Stewart. The letter was written in the commodore's most peremptory vein, and with his curtest decision. It simply directed Stewart to sail at once, without waiting for further repairs.

A day or two afterward, when the usual inquiries were made about Stewart, Trippe answered dolefully:

"The commodore has just had a letter from him, saying his mainmast is so badly sprung that it is unserviceable, and he is having a new one made. Was there ever anything so unlucky? Of course, he can't get here for a considerable time, and all that time Old Pepper



CAPTAIN STEWART OBEYS ORDERS, AND THE "SIREN" RETURNS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

will be lashing himself into a rage; and, on top of this, Stewart gets the commodore's orders to sail at once."

But one fine morning, only a day or two after this, a vessel which looked very like the

"Argus," a sister ship to the Siren, was discerned approaching; and within a few minutes the officers with their glasses declared her to be the Siren. But she had no mainmast, and her appearance with only one mast was grotesque in the extreme.

"What can it be, sir, that Captain Stewart is towing?" asked Pickle Israel of Lieutenant

before. He remembered his peremptory orders to Stewart to sail at once. Stewart had evidently taken him at his word, and had sailed with one mast and was towing the other.

The good news that "Old Pepper" had smiled instead of scowling at Stewart's device, quickly communicated itself to the officers, and



"COMMODORE PREBLE AND CAPTAIN DECATUR SPENT MANY LONG HOURS PERFECTING THE DETAILS OF THE HAZARDOUS EXPEDITION." (SEE PAGE 770.)

Trippe, as the two watched from the deck of the flag-ship, the Siren approach.

Trippe examined it carefully; but, before he could make out what the object was, the commodore walked up, and, handing Trippe his glass, asked him:

"Will you be kind enough, Mr. Trippe, to examine the Siren and see what she is towing?"

Trippe took the glass, and he could not refrain from smiling as he answered the commodore:

"It is undoubtedly the Siren's mainmast, sir. As you see, she has only her foremast standing, and the spar is much too big and too long for anything but the mainmast."

Commodore Preble's mouth twitched. He had never seen a ship-of-war in such a plight

gave them great satisfaction. The reception of the Siren's captain, when he came aboard the "Constitution" soon after, was comparatively mild, and his explanation so satisfactory that he was invited to prolong his visit and have luncheon with the commodore.

Decatur and Somers were much relieved at the news brought them that "Old Pepper" smiled grimly when Stewart told him about the mainmast, and said "that was the way he liked to have his orders obeyed."

The fleet was now assembled for the first demonstration against Tripoli; and not until Commodore Preble himself had seen the "Philadelphia" and her position in the Tripolitan harbor, would he finally fix upon any plan, although

Decatur had a promise that he should have the honor of commanding the expedition.

One morning, in response to a signal from the Constitution, all of the captains—Decatur, Somers, Hull, and Stewart—assembled on the flag-ship, to hold their first council of war with the commodore. As the four young captains met on the quarter-deck, the extreme youth of every one of them seemed to strike them simultaneously, and Somers remarked:

"You, Decatur, will be the only one of us with assurance enough to parley with the commodore."

"Somers," said Decatur, with unwonted gravity, "I do not feel as if I could make a suggestion or argue with Commodore Preble, if my life depended upon it."

"I pity the rest of us, then," said Stewart, dismally.

As the four young captains entered the cabin, they passed a gentleman of middle age, who was a guest of the commodore on board the flag-ship. Captain Hull recognized him as Colonel Lear, who was the American consul at Tangiers, and, with a bow to the assembled officers, the consul retired.

After the usual formalities, which "Old Pepper" was careful to observe, unless he happened to be in a choleric humor, the captains seated themselves around the table, the commodore at the head. Commodore Preble then opened his plan of campaign, which was listened to with the most respectful attention. He next asked each of the youthful commanders for an individual opinion. Each hastened to agree with that of the commodore.

The commodore then asked if any one of them had a suggestion to offer. Somers looked at Decatur, and Decatur looked gravely at Somers. Hull and Stewart looked straight before them. After hemming a little, each one in turn declared that he had no suggestions to make. "Old Pepper," after a glance around the table, rose suddenly.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this council is over. I regret to say that I have not had, in any way, the slightest assistance from you. Good morning."

The four young captains then filed out in the same order in which they had entered, but

very much more quickly, and looking like whipped school-boys.

Some hours after, Colonel Lear, entering the cabin, found Commodore Preble sitting at the table, leaning his head on his hands, in an attitude of the deepest dejection.

"Lear," said he, raising himself up, "I have been indiscreet in accepting the command of this squadron, with the duty of punishing Tripoli. Had I known how I was to be supported, I certainly should have declined it. The Government has sent me here a lot of school-boys, as commanders of all my vessels, and not one of them but is afraid to open his mouth before me!"

Nevertheless, the commodore went on with his preparations, and about the middle of December he set sail for Tripoli.

The squadron kept fairly well together for some days. Then a heavy gale arose, and for several days the ships did not see one another. Toward night, on the day that the gale abated, Decatur, while off the Tripolitan coast, caught sight of a ketch with a lateen sail, and flying Tripolitan colors.

He at once gave orders for the pursuit, but the ketch showed herself a fairly good sailer, and it took several hours to overhaul her. She was skilfully navigated, and ran very close in shore, hoping to induce the Argus to follow her. But Decatur was wary, and, keeping well off the shore, declined to trust his ship upon the treacherous rocks and shoals toward which the Tripolitans would have led him. At last, just as a faint moon arose in a murky sky, the Argus got to windward of the ketch, and, bearing down on her, opened fire with deadly precision. The Tripolitans at once hauled down their colors; but Decatur, remembering their treachery as told him by Somers, and knowing that the pirates preferred hand-to-hand fighting, did not slacken his fire, but, standing on, ranged up alongside. The call for boarders had been sounded, and, of the Argus's small company of eighty men, two thirds were ready to spring aboard the Tripolitan at the word. In another minute the two vessels were broadside to broadside. Decatur himself gave the order to board; and, as the Americans sprang over the side, they were met by every available

man in a crew as numerous as their own, and armed with the terrible curved sword of the Barbary pirates.

The fight on the deck of the ketch was furious but short. The Tripolitans fought desperately but in disorder, and within fifteen minutes they were beaten. Decatur, in examining his prize, found that she had sustained but little injury; and, bearing in mind (as he had done ever since the first day he had heard of the Philadelphia's loss) the destruction of the frigate, he determined that the ketch would be of great use on the expedition, and he would, therefore, take her back to the rendezvous at Syracuse with him.

"She is of a build and rig common in the Mediterranean," he said to his first lieutenant, James Lawrence; "and, in arranging a surprise, it would be best to have a Mediterranean vessel which would not be readily suspected."

Lawrence agreed with his young captain. Leaving the prisoners on board, a midshipman was put in command of the ketch, with a prize crew, and sent back to Syracuse. Decatur then joined the rest of the squadron, and they proceeded to Tripoli, where, lying off the town, they gave it a bombardment by way of a promise of what was to come. The lack of small vessels to enter the tortuous and rocky harbor, prevented much damage being done; but the Bashaw saw the fine fleet the Americans could muster, and word was conveyed to him that it would return in a few months with gun vessels and bombards, and attack the town in earnest.

To Captain Bainbridge and the poor prisoners with him in the dungeons of the castle the sight of the American flag fluttering from the gallant little fleet in the far distance was an assurance of hope, and the cannonade, which was merely a defiance, was sweet music to the captives. The sight of the great Philadelphia riding at anchor under the guns of the castle and the fort, and wearing the Tripolitan colors, was a sore one for the American officers and sailors. But Decatur, during all the days of the cannonade, kept his eyes fixed on the frigate whenever he could, studying her position, examining charts, and thinking out the scheme for destroying the ship. He felt that he was destined to achieve glory in that undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

UPON the return of the squadron to Syracuse, preparations went on vigorously for the attempt upon the Philadelphia. Decatur's first plan, which he held to eagerly, of going in boldly and cutting out the frigate, was flatly forbidden by Commodore Preble, as being too rash. Decatur's second plan, of going in with the ketch, disguised, and destroying the frigate, was approved of by Commodore Preble, who had, in fact, first suggested the idea to Decatur. He and "Old Pepper" spent many long hours in the cabin of the Constitution, perfecting the details of the hazardous expedition; and the commodore's respect for his "school-boy captains" increased every day that they served under him. Particularly was he gratified at the spirit of instant acquiescence they showed, when, after the keenest rivalry among them all for the honor of supporting Decatur, the privilege was accorded to Captain Stewart, in the Siren, which was the fastest and most weatherly of the brigs and schooners. Somers felt the deepest disappointment; but, with his usual calm good sense, he allowed no impatient word to escape him.

The ships were to remain at Syracuse all winter. Meanwhile, every effort was made to communicate with Captain Bainbridge and his officers imprisoned at Tripoli. A large reward was offered for the conveyance of letters to and from the prisoners, and two letters were successfully conveyed to Captain Bainbridge, and answers received.

The general plans of Decatur's expedition were now known among the American officers, and privately discussed. "Old Pepper" gave Decatur one last warning:

"You may dream, Captain Decatur, that you could bring out a frigate of the Philadelphia's draft through that tortuous harbor at night, under the fire of every battery in the town, of the castle, and the whole fleet in the harbor. Very well, sir, if you attempt it, and get out alive, you shall be sent home at once, under charges; for look you, Captain Decatur, it is as dangerous to do too much, when you are under my orders, as it is to do too little."

Decatur very wisely held his tongue, and

realized that the destruction of the ship was all he could aim at.

The expedition was to start about the first of February. Decatur consulted with Somers, and, with his help, made out a list of the officers he desired, which he submitted to the commodore. Decatur found himself unable to make a choice among his three lieutenants,—Lawrence, Thorn, and Bainbridge (the nephew of Captain Bainbridge),—and felt obliged to take them all.

Somers and Decatur were constantly together during those last days, and Decatur was ably assisted by Somers's extraordinarily good judgment in matters of detail, especially regarding the disguising of the ketch and her company. Every officer and man was to be provided with a jacket and trousers such as the Maltese sailors wear; for the "Intrepid" was to steal in as a fruit-laden vessel from Malta.

At last, every preparation being well forward, on the afternoon of the third of February, Decatur, with Somers, was pulled to the Constitution, where they found Stewart and Hull. Every officer and man on the ship knew that the choice of officers was to be made that day, and all were on hand so as not to miss the chance of going upon an expedition of so much glory.

Decatur went immediately to the commodore's cabin, where he submitted his list; and every name was approved. As he appeared upon the quarter-deck with the commodore, he could not but smile at the ill-concealed eagerness of the officers, who could scarcely restrain their impetuosity.

The commodore looked around and smiled; not an officer was missing. He took his station near the gangway, and an instant hush fell upon them. The boatswain's call to "Attention" was a mere form.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you perhaps know that it is in contemplation to send an expedition, under the command of Captain Decatur, to Tripoli, for the purpose of destroying the Philadelphia, which has been raised, refitted, and now flies the Tripolitan colors. Captain Stewart, of the Siren, is to support Captain Decatur, with his whole force. The ketch, so gallantly captured by Captain Decatur, is to be

used, as being of a build and rig often seen in Mediterranean ports, and therefore not likely to excite suspicion. She has been fitly named the Intrepid, and her ammunition is now aboard of her, and she sails at daylight. Captain Decatur has the selection of his brave assistants. I can only say that his choice,—like mine of the ships and the captains to do the work,—will be made solely upon the ground of availability. If willingness to go were the only test, there could be no choice; but in other respects there is a choice, which Captain Decatur has made, with my approval."

The names selected were then read off.

The older officers looked acutely disappointed; many of them had hoped to go; but they gave the lucky ones a rousing cheer, while the "stay-at-homes" among the midshipmen joined in, and all shook hands cordially with their more fortunate messmates.

Decatur then ordered his boat alongside, and said farewell to the commodore and the assembled officers. He directed the midshipmen to report on board the Intrepid at daylight; and then, inviting Somers and Stewart to go to his ship, all three were pulled to the Argus.

It was about four o'clock on a lovely afternoon in February, which is a spring-like month in Sicily. The ketch was at anchor, with the red flag flying at her fore, showing that she was taking on powder. On the Argus, too, there was the tension of expectation, as they knew from the state of forwardness in the preparations of the ketch that the time of adventure was at hand.

The three young captains came over the side together, and immediately Decatur ordered the boatswain and his mates to pipe "All hands to muster." Almost before the sound had died away, the men crowded up the hatchways, and the officers quickly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck. "All up and aft" was reported, and Decatur advanced with the list in his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he to his officers, in his usual impetuous way, "you know, perhaps, that an expedition leaves at daylight to-morrow morning, in the ketch Intrepid, to destroy the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli. I have the honor of commanding the ketch, while

Captain Stewart, in the Siren, commands the supporting force. All will wish to go,"—a murmur of assent was here heard,—“but all cannot go; hence I select those who seem to me best adapted to bear the hardships and to withstand the peculiar fighting methods of the Tripolitans. I have concluded to make no choice among my lieutenants, but take them all, and Midshipman Macdonough, and Dr. Heermann, surgeon.”

A rousing cheer, as on the Constitution, greeted this announcement, and the five officers were warmly congratulated. Decatur then turned to the men.

“Of you, my men,” he said, “I will name one who may go: the pilot, Salvador Catalano. I wish sixty-one men out of the ship’s company, and I shall take the first sixty-one who volunteer. Let each man who wishes to go advance two steps.”

As if moved by a common impulse, every man and boy on the ship, including two or three just out of the sick-bay who had not yet reported for duty, advanced two steps.

Decatur stood looking at them, his fine face lighted up with pleasure.

“My men,” he said, “it is impossible that *all* should go. Let those who are most necessary on the ship, those who are not physically strong, and those under twenty and over forty, step back.”

Not a man moved. In the midst of the dead pause Danny Dixon spoke up, touching his hat.

“Please, sir,” he said, “ain’t none of us more ’n forty or less ’n twenty; ain’t none of us necessary on board the ship, as we knows on; and ain’t a one of us that ain’t jest as healthy and strong as a whale.”

Decatur managed to take this without smiling, but replied, “Very well. Pipe down, boatswain. Within an hour I shall have made out a list of the sixty-one men whom I wish to accompany me.”

Summoning Lawrence, his first lieutenant, Decatur, with Stewart and Somers, disappeared into the cabin, and the men were dismissed.

Next morning at daylight the five officers from the Argus, the five midshipmen from the Constitution, the sixty-one petty officers and

seamen, and the pilot, Catalano, were assembled on the deck of the ketch. The accommodations were bad, and not more than half the officers could sling their hammocks at one time; but not a word of objection was heard. Early as it was, Somers was on hand to bid his friend good-by. Just as the pale pink flush of dawn lightened the dark water, the Intrepid, hoisting her one lateen sail, got under way, and Somers, wringing Decatur’s hand, dropped into his boat alongside. As the ketch caught the morning breeze and began to glide rapidly out toward the offing, Decatur ran aft and waved his cap at Somers, standing up in the boat, who returned the greeting and then pulled away to his own vessel. The Siren, being a fast sailer, did not leave until the sun was well up, when she too spread her white sails and flew.

Several days of delightful weather followed. The officers amused themselves with rehearsing the proposed strategy by which they were to make the Tripolitans believe them to be Maltese sailors, and the ketch a Maltese trading-vessel. Catalano was to do the hailing, prompted by Decatur, if they reached, as they hoped, the Philadelphia’s side. Except a few men, the vessel’s company was to remain below, but ready at a signal to leap on deck. The Intrepid proved to be a better sailer than was thought at first, and, on a lovely afternoon five days after leaving Syracuse, anchor was cast about a mile to the windward of the town. The Siren followed some distance behind. She too was disguised, her ports being closed, her guns covered with tarpaulins, and her sails daubed with lampblack, while patches painted on them represented old and worn canvas. By devices of various sorts she was made to look like a stanch American or English merchantman after a long voyage. Having got the Intrepid in a good position without being discovered, Decatur was eager for night to fall, that the desperate adventure might be made. Right out before them lay the large though dangerous harbor of Tripoli, the frowning castle, and the numerous forts that protected the town. Among all the shipping the dark and towering hull of the Philadelphia was most conspicuous; and from her peak flew the crescent of Tripoli.

"There she is, my men!" cried Decatur, as he pointed her out. "All her guns are kept double-shotted, and when we make a bonfire of her, she will give the rascals a broadside that will make them squeal."

The wind had been rising for some little time, and just then it blew violently from the southwest. The sky became overcast, and suddenly darkness seemed to envelop them. This Decatur thought rather favorable to his scheme; but Catalano, the pilot, who knew every foot of the harbor, came up at that moment.

"Sir," he said in English, but with a strong Italian accent, "we cannot take the ketch in to-night. The water is no doubt now breaking clear across the reef at the western passage; and, even if I could get in, there would be no chance of getting out. I know this harbor well, sir, and the water must be smooth before it is safe to go near the reefs."

It was obviously impossible to attempt the attack that night, and accordingly the *Intrepid* so signaled the *Siren*. The wind had now become a roaring gale, and soon the *Intrepid* was stretching out to sea. It was observed that the *Siren* was having trouble with her anchor, but she finally contrived to get away from the offing.

For six days the storm raged. The brig, which had finally been obliged to leave her anchor and cable, managed to keep in company with the ketch, which threatened to founder at every moment.

Their provisions were soaked; and, in cold and wet and hunger, these brave men weathered the gale. But at last, on the morning of the 15th of February, the weather moderated, the wind fell, and a bright sun shone. The ketch and brig found themselves in the Gulf of Sydra. As all signs promised good weather for some days, Decatur signaled the *Siren* to bear away for Tripoli, and began to make his preparations for the attack.

Toward evening they found themselves in sight of the town, with its circle of forts crowned by the frowning castle. The great hull of the *Philadelphia*, larger than any other in the harbor, stood out in bold relief, her masts and spars clearly defined against the daz-

zling blue of the African sky. Two frigates, anchored about two cables' lengths apart, lay between her and the castle, while nineteen gunboats and a few galleys lay near her. From the castle and the batteries, one hundred and fifteen guns could be trained upon an attacking force; but the bold tars in the *Intrepid* took all the chances cheerfully, and even gaily.

Every man had been instructed in his duty, and the crew was not mustered, for fear of awaking distrust. The watchword "*Philadelphia*" was passed around. The men quietly took their places below the hatches, while half a dozen officers sat or lay about on deck. Catalano took the wheel, and Decatur, in a common sailor's jacket and fez, stood by him.

The breeze had become light and baffling in the offing, and the *Siren*, which kept well away from the *Intrepid* in order to avoid suspicion, was evidently unable to get any nearer until the wind should change. But at the entrance to the harbor it was very fresh, and carried the ketch forward at a lively rate. Decatur saw that his best hope was to make a bold dash then, without waiting for the gallant little brig, that was almost becalmed. At the moment when the steersman made straight for the western entrance to the harbor, Decatur addressed a few last words to his officers and men.

"You see," he said, in a firm, clear voice, perfectly audible to all, although not loud, "that Stewart and his gallant crew cannot assist us. Very well; the fewer the number, the greater the honor. Our brave shipmates now in prison have been forced for many months to see the shameful spectacle of an American frigate wearing the colors of her pirate captors. Please God, it shall be so no longer after to-night. Let every man think of this; let him think of his country; and, though we cannot hoist our flag at the *Philadelphia's* peak, we can at least send the ship to the bottom."

A half-suppressed cheer greeted Decatur's brave words, and every officer and man felt himself possessed by that noble enthusiasm which works miracles of courage.

About nine o'clock, when they were a mile off the town, a brilliant moon rose.

The scene was one of perfect peace and beauty. All the shipping in the harbor lay

quietly at anchor, and the water was so smooth that their lights were as stationary as those that twinkled in the town and the Bashaw's castle.

The *Intrepid* stole quietly in, leaving the *Siren* farther and farther astern. The moon was now high, flooding the sea with glory, and making the harbor-lights mere twinkling points of flame. The *Intrepid* steered directly for the Philadelphia's bows, and this caused her to be hailed while still at a considerable distance. A number of Tripolitans were seen lounging about the Philadelphia's decks; and an officer leaned over the rail and called out:

"What vessel is that?"

"The ketch '*Stella*,' from Malta," responded Catalano, in Italian. "We were caught in the gale, and nearly wrecked. We lost our anchors, and our commander would like the favor of riding by you during the night." Decatur, in his round jacket and fez, lounged near Catalano, and whispered to him what to say.

"Your request is rather unusual," replied the officer.

"Bananas and oranges, with a few bales of raw silk," answered Catalano, pretending that he had understood the Tripolitan to ask what the *Stella*'s cargo was. The ketch continued to draw rapidly near, and the supposed Italian mariners moved lazily about, gesticulating to one another.

"Mulehead and son of a jackass!" cried the Tripolitan, "it is nothing to me what you are laden with. I say it is dangerous to have you dogs of Christians made fast to us. If you get on board, you will steal everything you lay your hands on."

"That's not a very pleasant way to meet men who have been in a whole gale for six days, with all our provisions spoiled, and on short allowance of water, and expecting every moment to go to the bottom." So answered Catalano, in an injured voice, the ketch still advancing steadily.

"Then you may lie by us until daylight," answered the officer. At the same time, he ordered a boat with a fast and hawser to be lowered.

Not the slightest suspicion had yet entered the minds of the Tripolitans that the *Intrepid* was anything but a trading-vessel—and luckily

enough for Decatur and his dauntless company; for at that moment a puff of wind came, the *Intrepid*'s head fell off, and she drifted directly under the Philadelphia's broadside.

At this appalling moment, the least hint of the *Intrepid*'s real character would have meant death to every man on board. Decatur, with his unshakable coolness, ordered a boat out with Lawrence and three seamen, carrying a hawser, which they quietly fastened to the fore-chains of the Philadelphia. The ketch, meanwhile, was drifting under the port-batteries of the frigate, toward the stern, where, if she had escaped the guns in broadside, the stern-chasers could have annihilated her. But every man on board shared Decatur's calm self-possession at this crucial moment.

The frigate's boat containing the fast had then put out. Lawrence, rowing back to the ketch, met the Tripolitan boat.

"Give us your fast," he said, "so we can let go another hawser. We lost our best cables with the anchors, and our hawsers are so small that it will take two to hold us in case the wind should rise during the night."

The Tripolitans handed out the fast, which Lawrence coolly carried on board the *Intrepid*. The men on the ketch's deck, catching hold of the fast, then drew their little craft close to the frigate's huge black hull, and were soon breasting along under her port-side.

The shadow cast by the Philadelphia's hull was of immense help to the *Intrepid*'s men; but near the stern was a great patch of white moonlight, and any object passing through this glittering and shimmering belt could be seen as plainly as in daytime. As the ketch glided steadily along and into this brilliant light, her anchors, with their cables coiled up, were seen on her decks.

"Keep off!" shouted the Tripolitan officer, suddenly taking the alarm. "You have deceived us; you have not lost your anchors, and we do not know your character"; and, at the same moment, he ordered men with axes to cut the fasts. But, as if by enchantment, the deck of the *Intrepid* was alive with men, whose strong arms brought her grinding up against the frigate's side in a moment's time. Then a great yell went up from the frigate.

"*Americanos ! Americanos !*" cried the Tripolitans. The next instant, Decatur, who was standing ready, made a powerful spring, and jumped at the Philadelphia's chain-plates, shouting at the same moment: "Board!"

Morris and Laws, two of the midshipmen of the Constitution, were at Decatur's side, clinging to the frigate's plates. Morris and Decatur both sprang at the rail, and Morris being little more than a boy, and very lithe and agile, his foot touched the quarter-deck first; but Decatur's was second. Laws had dashed at an open port-hole, and would have been the first on the frigate, but his boarding-belt, with his pistols in it, caught between the gun and the port, delaying him so that he was third.

Instantly, in the dazzling moonlight, turbaned heads appeared over the rail and at every port. The Americans came pouring over the side, and as the Tripolitans rushed above, they found the quarter-deck already in possession of the "*Americanos.*" The Tripolitans ran forward and to starboard. The Americans, quickly forming a line across the deck, and headed by Decatur, dashed at them; and, caught between an advancing body of resolute seamen and the ship's rail, those who were not cut down, after a short but desperate resistance, leaped overboard. The Americans proved more than a match for them in hand-to-hand fighting, at which they had been thought invincible, and they fought in disorder. In five minutes the spar-deck was in possession of the Americans.

Below, there was a more prolonged struggle. The Tripolitans, with their backs to the ship's side, made a fierce resistance; but they were clearly overmatched from the beginning; and, as it was their practice never to fall alive into the hands of an enemy, those who were not cut down on the spot ran to the ports and jumped overboard, and, within five minutes more, there was not a Tripolitan on board the frigate except the dead and wounded. Not until then did the batteries, the castle, the two frigates moored near the Philadelphia, and the gun-boats, take the alarm. The ketch, however, fastened close under the overhanging quarter-gallery of the frigate, and completely in the shadow, still escaped detection. Lights began to flash about from the ships and the batteries;

but not enough could be discerned to justify the Tripolitans in firing upon their own ship. Warning had been given, though, and it was now only a question of a few moments how long the Americans could work undisturbed.

Decatur now appeared upon the quarter-deck to see that the powder on the ketch was rapidly transferred to the frigate. Lawrence was with him. When the moment came that Decatur must give the word for the destruction of the frigate, his resolution to obey orders almost failed him.

He turned to his lieutenant, and, grasping him by the shoulders, cried out in an agonized voice: "Oh, Lawrence! why cannot this gallant ship be cut out and carried off, a glorious trophy of this night?"

"She has not a sail bent," answered Lawrence, firmly. "The tide will not serve to take so large a ship out now; and, remember, it is as dangerous to do too much under Commodore Preble's orders as to do too little. Let me beg you to give the order at once to hand up the powder. See, the frigate off the port-quarter is lighting up her batteries."

For a moment or two, as Lawrence watched Decatur's agitated face, he almost feared that his young captain literally could not give the order to destroy the ship, so intense was his desire to bring her out. But, after a moment or two, Decatur recovered himself. The opposition of so fearless a man as Lawrence convinced him, against his will, that it was impossible to save the ship; and he gave the order, and the men began rapidly hoisting the kegs of gunpowder over the side, and carrying them along the decks. In a few moments the gun-room, the magazine-scuttle, the cockpit, and the forward store-rooms were filled with combustibles, and smoke was already pouring from the ports in the gun-deck, before those in the lower parts of the ship had time to get up. They ran to the forward ladders; and, when the last firing-party reached the spar-deck, the men were jumping into the ketch, all except Decatur and a small party of his own. Two eighteen-pounders, double-shotted, had been dragged amidships and pointed down the main hatch, in order to blow the ship's bottom out; and a port-fire, with a train of powder, had been started, so as to fire these two guns with certain

effect. The sailors then, seeing their glorious work well done, dropped quickly over the side, into the ketch; the officers followed, and Decatur, taking one last look at the doomed frigate, now wreathed in curling smoke, left her deck. And, the frigate being quickly enveloped in fire and smoke, with little tongues of flame beginning to touch the rigging, Decatur leaped from the Philadelphia's deck into the ketch's rigging; and, sixteen sweeps being already manned, the order was given to cast off. At that very moment the guns from the Bashaw's castle, half gunshot off, boomed over the heads of the Americans.

In this moment of triumph, though, they incurred their greatest danger of that dangerous night. The head-fast having been cut, the ketch fell astern of the frigate, out of whose ports the flames were now blazing. The Intrepid's sail flapped against the blazing quarter-gallery; while on her deck, just under it, lay all her ammunition, covered only by a tarpaulin. To increase their danger the stern-fast became jammed, and they were fixed firmly to the blazing frigate, while the ships' shore-batteries now opened a tremendous fire upon them.

There was no ax at hand, but Decatur, Lawrence, and the other officers managed, by desperate efforts with their swords, to cut the hawser; and, just as they swung clear, the flames rushed up the tar-soaked rigging of the Philadelphia, and the two eighteen-pounders fired their charges into the bottom of the burning ship.

The Intrepid was now plainly visible, in the light of the blazing Philadelphia, to every man on board the aroused fleet and batteries, and to the crowds that soon collected on the shore. Then the thunder of a furious cannonade began.

And now, after this unparalleled achievement, the Americans gave one last proof of their contempt of danger. As the Intrepid worked out into the red blaze that illuminated the whole harbor, a target for every gun in the Tripolitan batteries, the men at her sweeps stopped rowing, every officer and man rose to his feet, and, with one impulse, they gave three thundering American cheers.

When this was done, they settled down to getting out of the way.

As they drew farther from the shore, they

were in more and more danger from the batteries; but, although many shots threw showers of spray over them, the Americans gave back only derisive cries and cheers. A rapid count showed that not a man was missing.

As they pulled with powerful strokes toward the offing, they could see the vague outline of the Siren and her boats, fully manned, lying like black shadows on the water. The harbor and town were as light as day, with the reflection from the blazing frigate and the silvery radiance of the moon. The Philadelphia seemed to be burning in every spot at the same moment. Flames poured from her ports, and her fifty guns, all shotted, began to go off in every direction, as her blazing hull drifted helplessly with wind and tide. Many of the shells from her guns crashed into the fleet around her, while, at almost every turn, she poured a furious cannonade of heated shot into the castle.

As her decks fell in, the guns were lowered at the breech, and their hot shot went farther and farther, even into the town itself. One shot from the castle passed through the sail of the ketch; but the men only laughed.

They were soon well out of range, and close to the launch and cutter of the Siren. Decatur hailed the cutter, which was very fast.

"Bring up alongside," he cried, "and take me aboard!" The cutter quickly drew alongside. Decatur jumped on board, and the boat shot ahead of the slower ketch. As they neared the Siren, Decatur perceived, by the light of the moon, Stewart at the gangway, anxiously peering into the darkness. He could see only the officer in command of the boat in uniform, and he did not recognize Decatur, disguised in the jacket of an Italian sailor. When the boat got near enough, Decatur made a spring at the hawser that hung astern, and in another moment he had sped along the deck and clapped Stewart on the shoulder.

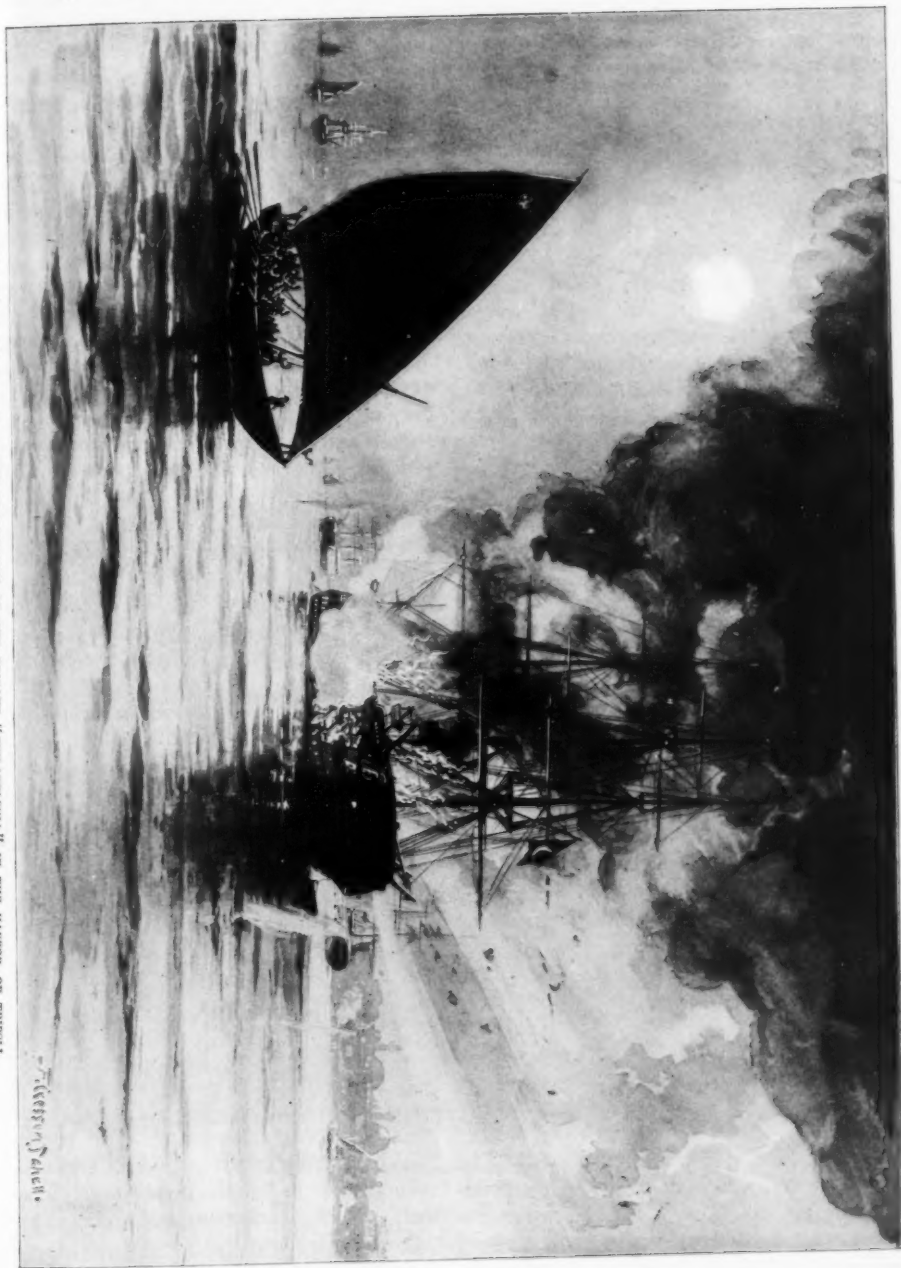
"Did n't she make a glorious bonfire?" he cried; "and we came off without losing a man!"

Stewart wrung Decatur's hand, while the other officers crowded around and joined in overwhelming Decatur with congratulations.

The wind still held, and, the Siren getting up her anchor, Decatur returned on board the ketch; and all sail was made for Syracuse.

(To be continued.)

DECATUR'S FAMOUS EXPLOIT. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIGATE "PHILADELPHIA" IN THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI.





THE BLACK BEAR.

PART I. THE POLAR BEAR AND BLACK BEAR.

FOR several years we have been hoping that some self-sacrificing American naturalist would tackle the bears of North America, bring together a collection of about two hundred skins and five hundred skulls, representing all forms and all localities, and then solve the conundrums that are continually being thrust upon us by some of the members of this family.

It seems absurd that there should be any doubt about the classification of so large and common an animal as the cinnamon bear, or even of the rarely-seen barren-ground bear; but the doubts are here, nevertheless, and will stay until some courageous author shall write a "monograph," or technical treatise, on our *Ursidae*, and give us a plain, common-sense settlement that will stick. This would probably have been done long ago but for the annoying fact that bear-skins are expensive.

There are very few intelligent persons who are not interested in bears and their ways.

At the present hour one of the principal products of the mountains of Pennsylvania, next to coal and iron, is bear stories, and in spite of the fact that something less than two thousand have been published during the last four years, the new crop is still interesting. Just now, however, a new storm-center has developed in the South, and we are having our blood curdled regularly by the most thrilling and awful shorthand reports of bloody combats—always to the death, but without extra

THE BEARS OF NORTH AMERICA.

(Seventh paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNBADAY.

charge for that—between bears and alligators. If I could only find out when and where the next combat is to take place, I would have a front seat—regardless of cost or mosquitos. I suspect, however, it will come off in the top story of some story-maker's house, where quiet reigns, and ink is more plentiful and far less expensive than gore. But the wild-animal story-teller occupies a family all by himself; and while he alone is worthy of a chapter,—which I may some time be tempted to offer,—he has no claim to a place with our bears.

At the head of our list of American bears comes the POLAR or WHITE BEAR, whose

POLAR BEAR.

(*Tha-laz-arc'los mar-i-ti'mus.*)

Latin name means literally the bear of the icy sea. He is big and burly, always hungry, and, thank goodness! always of the same color. No fickle turncoat is he, like all other American bears, but wherever you find him he is always white and unmistakable. The strangest thing about him is that he is as sublimely indifferent to the coldness of ice-water as is the hull of a ship. The grizzly bear is fond of water,—when its temperature is right,—but he would about as soon think of entering a lake of fire as an ice-filled stream in midwinter.

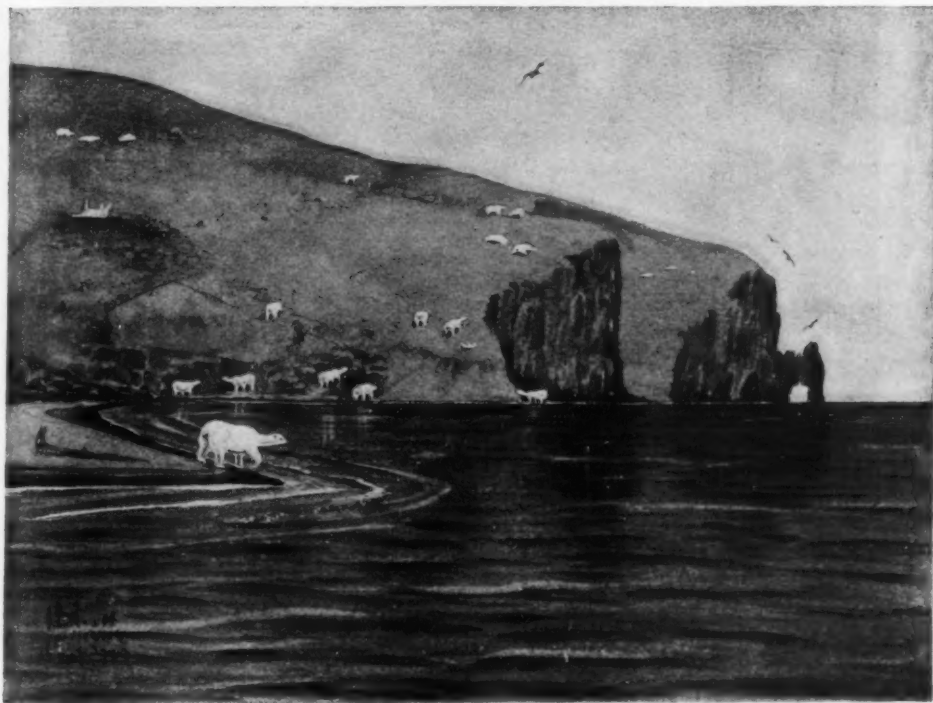
The chosen home and hunting-ground of the Polar Bear is the edge of the icy sea, where the frost king and old ocean continually struggle for the mastery. He seldom wanders more than twenty-five miles inland. In winter, as the edge of the frozen sea moves farther and farther south, he follows its advance. In summer, as the ice-pack melts and breaks away he follows it northward again for the sake of the seals that go with it. He thinks no more of plunging in and swimming two or three hours

amid the floating ice, with the temperature at forty degrees below zero, than we would of going to the post-office the day before Christmas.

In the summer of 1881, Mr. E. W. Nelson, then in the Signal Service on the "Corwin," shot a huge female Polar Bear that was overhauled by the steamer while swimming with her mate in the open sea, near Herald Island, northwest of Bering Strait. The male also was killed, but the floating ice was so thick that he was lost before a boat could reach him. "With this female," says Mr. Nelson, "was a yearling cub, and when the pursuit became pressing, and the cub began to tire, she swam behind it with one of her fore paws on each side of its back,

off to us in the face of the sleet and wind. He had probably smelled our smoke, and came off to reconnoiter; but a warm reception changed his mind, and he turned and vanished in the fog again."

The favorite food of the Polar Bear is the flesh of seals, sea-lions, walruses, fish, and dead whales. Of all seal-hunters, he is the most successful. Instead of being obliged to stalk his game on the ice, in plain sight, he can hunt like a crocodile. He takes to the water, swims slowly up, with only his nostrils and eyes at the surface, and before the seal, watching landward, is aware of his danger, his clumsy body is fairly within the hungry jaws of the "tiger of the ice," as Dr. Kane called him.



A SCORE OF POLAR BEARS IN SIGHT AT ONE TIME. DRAWN BY HENRY W. ELLIOTT, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT ST. MATTHEW ISLAND, BERING SEA.

thus shielding it from danger, and urging it along. She continued to do this until wounded in various places and finally disabled. . . . While the *Corwin* lay at anchor off the ice during a heavy gale, a bear came swimming

But, strange as it may appear, the Polar Bear does not live by flesh alone. In their Alaskan travels, Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Lieutenant Maynard once chanced to visit St. Matthew Island, a lonely bit of land in Be-



HEAD OF A BLACK BEAR.

ring Sea, about half way between the strait and the Aleutian Archipelago. There they found between 250 and 300 Polar Bears, basking in the warm lap of summer, shedding their winter coats, lazily eating and sleeping, and growing fat on the roots of the small flowering-plants and mosses that abounded. As the explorers' boat approached the shore, a score of bears were in sight at one time. The bears literally possessed the island, "grazing and rooting about like hogs in a common." In spite of their numbers they could not be induced to fight, but always ran when approached, either in "a swift, shambling gallop, or trotting off like elephants." They were fond of sleeping in the sun on sheltered hillsides

"soundly, but fitfully," says Mr. Elliott, "rolling their heavy arms and legs about as they dozed." After shooting half a dozen specimens in the tamest manner, the two explorers decided to kill no more; for, by reason of shedding, their furry coats were worthless. One that was shot by Lieutenant Maynard measured exactly eight feet in length of head and body together, and its weight was estimated at between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In former times, before the advent of the breech-loader, the Polar Bear was bold, aggressive, and dangerous to man. Many a poorly-armed Eskimo has gone down forever under his huge paws. But modern fire-arms have changed all that. Now this once dreaded

creature runs from man as far as he can see him, like a timid deer, and unless the hunter can bring him to bay with dogs, or get him in the water at a disadvantage, there is no such thing as getting a shot at him.

The home of the Polar Bear on this continent is not very difficult to define. On the Pacific side it begins at St. Matthew Island, and the mouth of the Yukon River, let us say 60° north latitude, and thence follows the coast lines and the ice-pack northward through Bering Strait, eastward wherever land meets the waters of the Arctic Ocean and its many connections. It extends through all the straits, channels, and bays of the great frozen archipelago, into Hudson's Bay as far down as 60°, and down Labrador, I know not how far at present. Thence they range northward along

THE BLACK BEAR is the most persistent of all (*Ursus A-mer-i-canus*) our large mammals in his refusal to be exterminated.

Because of the facts that his senses are keen, his temper suspicious and shy, and his appetite not at all capricious, he hangs on in the heavily wooded mountains, swamps, and densely timbered regions of North America, generally long after other kinds of big game have all been killed or driven away.

As his name implies, he is jet black all over, except his nose, and when his fur is in good condition it is glossy and beautiful. His muzzle, from his eyes down to the edge of his upper lip, is either dull yellow or dingy white, and sometimes, particularly in Alaska, he has a white spot on his breast. According to locality and climate, the hair of the Black Bear



BLACK BEAR, MOTHER AND CUBS NEAR THEIR DEN.

both sides of Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait, to General Greely's storm-beaten camps on Cape Sabine and Lady Franklin Bay. And still on northeastward they go, along the north Greenland coast to where Lieutenant Lockwood saw their tracks at 83° 3', almost at his very farthest north, headed northeast and still a-going! And there we must leave him for the present.

may be short and close, as in the South, or long and inclined to shagginess, though not so much so as the grizzly's. Very often his coat will be abundantly thick and of good length, but so even on the outside and so compact that he looks as if he had been gone over by the scissors and comb of a skilful barber. So far as I have seen, neither the grizzly nor cin-

namon ever has that appearance. In the North, where his furry coat is finest, it is now eagerly sought by the furriers, and the standard price for a large skin of good quality is twenty-five dollars. The ladies prize it for muffs and collars, and the carpet warrior and the bandmaster love to have it tower heavenward from their warlike brows as a shako.

In size the Black Bear ranks third (among American species) after the polar bear, the grim old grizzly occupying second place. The cubs are usually two in number, and at first are blind, helpless, and almost shapeless. Two were born on February 7, 1894, in the Zoölogical Park at Washington, concerning which Mr. A. B. Baker soon after wrote me as follows:

One was accidentally injured by the mother bear and died on the second day. It was of a mouse-color, a little lighter underneath, the skin darker than the hair. The hair was fine, short, and quite elastic, lying close to the body and offering considerable resistance when rubbed the wrong way. The little fellow was eight and one-half inches long, including one-half inch of tail, and weighed eight ounces. The other cub now, at four weeks old, seems to be about twice as large as when born, and is of a bright, glossy black. It has, from the first, had a strong voice, but it has not yet opened its eyes.

Although the cubs are at first so ridiculously small and helpless, they grow rapidly after the first month, get their eyes open in about forty days, and within a year are quite sturdy brutes. A Black Bear weighing 400 pounds may fairly be considered a large one, but they often grow far beyond that weight. In a very interesting paper on this species in the *Century* for March, 1882, Mr. Charles C. Ward mentions a Black Bear that he once saw which weighed 523 pounds, and measured six feet four inches from nose to tail. Although I have often hunted in Black Bear country, the largest specimen I ever shot was unhappily a small one; but at the leading hotel of Tacoma, State of Washington, I saw in 1888 a live Black Bear whose proportions were truly enormous. He was as large as the largest grizzly I ever saw alive, and I estimated his weight at 750 pounds, which I am sure was not over the mark. Notwithstanding his enormous size, he was as playful as a puppy,

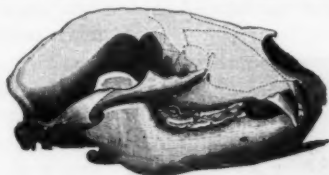
and almost as good-tempered, at least with the hotel cook, who served his meals in a wash-tub! It was a most comical sight to see him skylarking with the cook to get possession of a broom. When finally he captured it he went through as many antics with it as a monkey, the drollest of which was when he held it in all four of his paws, rolled his huge bulk over and over, and finally ended by lying on his back, and twirling the broom on the soles of his hind-feet like a juggler, seldom letting it fall. It was an odd sight to see such a huge animal so active and playful.

It is easier to tell what a Black Bear does not eat than to give his bill of fare. His principle seems to be—everything is food that can be chewed! He is carnivorous, herbivorous, frugivorous, insectivorous, and omnivorous. If any new "ivorous" is ever invented hereafter, beyond a doubt he will be that also. To him, nothing is either too big or too little, too high or too humble, to be eaten. For instance, he loves beef, pork, mutton, and poultry of all kinds, and sometimes makes havoc in an unprotected barnyard that happens to be within striking distance of his home ranch. He loves dead fish that are cast upon the shore, and live fish whenever he can catch them.

In the month of May, the Black Bears along the east coast of Florida swim the Indian River, which is nearly everywhere three miles or more in width, and become industrious "beach-combers" during June, July, and August, while the green turtles and loggerhead turtles are crawling up out of the ocean, and laying their eggs in the warm sand along the beach. Mrs. Latham, of Oak Lodge, once knew a Black Bear to devour two hundred turtle eggs at one sitting, from a nest that had been counted and marked the evening before.

The Black Bear loves frogs also. He tears to pieces every old decayed stump, log, or ant-hill that he can find, and devours the ants, ants' eggs, and grubs within with all the relish of a professional ant-eater. He loves every berry that grows, whether on bush, tree, or vine, and likewise the sweet potatoes and apples raised by the farmer. In his own forest he finds plenty of edible roots that make excellent bear meat, for which he roots like a hog.

But a bee-tree, oh, a bee-tree—with honey in it! That is the candy and ice-cream of Bruin's whole life. He will climb any height, and take the thousand stings on his bare nose for the sake of a good feed of honey fresh from the



Top and sole of fore paw.



Top and sole of hind paw.

BLACK BEAR'S SKULL AND PAWS.

tree. He is not particular about the quality of it, or the shape of the comb, but reaches his black arm into the cavity, rakes out the sweets with his living rake, and devours them greedily, comb, honey, young bees, larvæ and all. And woe to the queen herself if she ever gets within range of his sweet tooth,—everything goes! Bruin is the only fellow living who will deliberately rifle a wasp's nest for what there is in it. He may be stung on his nose and lips until he howls with pain, but he considers honey a good salve for stings, and keeps right on.

One of the most curious things about the Black Bear (and the grizzly and cinnamon also) is the way he goes into snug winter quarters when winter has fairly set in, and lies dormant in his den without either eating or drinking

until the next spring. This is called hibernation; and during this period the ordinary processes of digestion seem to be entirely suspended. In our semi-tropics bears do not hibernate, but Nature undoubtedly planted this instinct in the brain of the bear of the North to enable him to survive the severe winter period when the snows lie deep, and all food is so scarce that otherwise he would be in danger of starvation. This period of hibernation is from about the middle of December to the middle of March. It has been stated that if bears have plenty of food they will not hibernate, even in the North, but this is a mistake. I know of at least two instances wherein bears in captivity have "holed up" in December and remained dormant until March, in spite of all temptations of offered food. The natural instinct was so strong that it refused to be overcome by appetite alone.

There is another very curious thing about the hibernation of the Black Bear. His den is usually a hole dug under the roots of either a standing tree or an uprooted tree, but it may be in a hollow tree, a hollow log, or more frequently, a miniature cave in a rocky hillside. Sometimes he makes a bed of leaves and moss for himself, but often he does not. In "holing up" under the roots of a tree he is frequently completely snowed in, and under such a condition, the warmth of his breath keeps the snow melted immediately around him. This moisture freezes on the inside of his den, and presently he is incased in a dome of snow, lined with ice, the hard lining of which ever grows thicker from the frozen moisture of his breath. As a result, he often wakes early in March to find himself a prisoner in a hollow dome of snow and ice, from which he cannot escape for days, and where he is often found self-trapped, and shot without the privilege of even striking a blow at his assailants. And there is where Nature serves poor Bruin a mean trick. I have never seen a bear in such an ice cage of his own building, but Dr. Merriam has, in the Adirondacks, and this information is borrowed from him.

The Black Bear has courage, but it never comes to the surface until he is cornered by dogs and hunters, and knows he must fight or die. It is very difficult to kill a Black

Bear by unaided tracking and still-hunting, for he is so wide awake and wary he is hard to overtake. The bear-hunter usually pursues him with the aid of a pack of full-blood curs, small in size, but artful dodgers, who run down the bear and snap at his heels until he is obliged to stand at bay and fight them. A wise bear-dog never attempts to seize a bear, for his game is to harry Bruin and give tongue until his master comes up with his gun. Bear-hunting in this manner is even yet the greatest sport to be found in the mountains of West Virginia.

How much danger is there to the pound in a wild Black Bear when you meet him in his haunts, accidentally and at close quarters? Mrs. C. F. Latham, wife of mine host at Oak Lodge, on the Indian River peninsula (Brevard Co., Florida) can tell you exactly. There is a cleared trail leading from this same lodge-in-a-vast-wilderness to the beach, half a mile away. It runs through a dense and fearfully tangled jungle of cabbage palmetto, live-oak, and saw palmetto which forms a living wall on each side of the trail.

About twelve months ago, Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone, and armed only with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be a racoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack

Mr. Coon over the head the instant he emerged, All at once, with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big Black Bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but not out of her wits, and she decided that to run would be to

invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something, Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. Turning about he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as



BLACK BEARS SACKING A CAMP.

fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the Black Bear.

Bears are much inclined to mischief. Many a lumberman in the backwoods has returned to his cabin to find it completely sacked, and everything eatable eaten or destroyed by bears. It is said that no animal makes so complete a wreck of a camp as a bear, except a wolverine; but having once had even my hut itself torn down and trodden upon by wild elephants, I will back *Elephas Indicus* against both the other fellows taken together as camp-smashers.

I was about to state what I know of the geographical range of the Black Bear, but, an Idea came to me, and you will find it in the Letter-Box this month.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

BY PALMER COX.

THIRD TOUR. IN
FLORIDA.



FTTIMES the cunning Brownie band

To visit Southern States had planned,
But something else attention drew
And pushed their

project out of view.

At length a brief discussion rose
That brought the matter to a close.
Says one: "No patriot should shun
The land that gave a Washington,
Who for this nation of our own
Laid such a good foundation-stone,
That will be last to roll away
When worlds shall crumble in decay;
And Jackson, who from cotton-bales
Made his opponent spread his sails,
And to some safer quarter tack;
And then 'Old Rough and Ready' Zach,
Who nearly fifty years ago

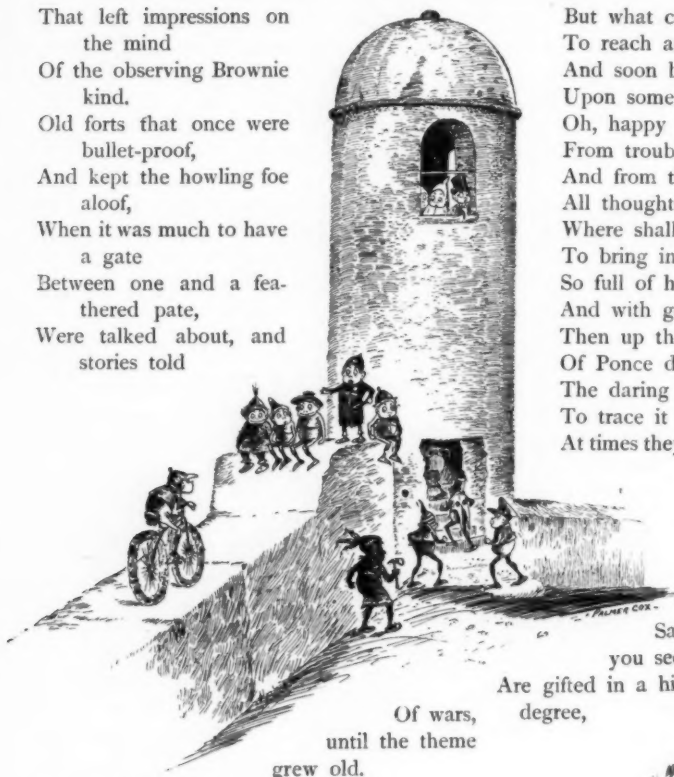
Made stirring times in Mexico."
These words, that touched each Brownie's
heart,
Soon brought about an early start.
For Florida the band set out



With nimble feet and courage stout,
And skirted many a cape and bay,
And headland, on their southern way.
They visited St. Augustine,
To feast their eyes on many a scene



That left impressions on
the mind
Of the observing Brownie
kind.
Old forts that once were
bullet-proof,
And kept the howling foe
aloof,
When it was much to have
a gate
Between one and a fea-
thered pate,
Were talked about, and
stories told



But what care Brownies for a fall?
To reach another vine they'd crawl,
And soon be sweeping through the air
Upon some breakneck, frail affair.
Oh, happy Brownies, who can spring
From trouble as with golden wing,
And from their minds forever cast
All thoughts of pain or trials passed!
Where shall a mortal turn his face
To bring in view another race
So full of hope, by nothing bowed,
And with good nature so endowed?
Then up the St. John's River wide,
Of Ponce de Leon's state the pride,
The daring Brownies took their course
To trace it fully to its source.

At times they paused, and well they might,
As some bright landscape
came in sight,
That cannot but awake
surprise
In those who have admir-
ing eyes.

Said one: "We Brownies, as

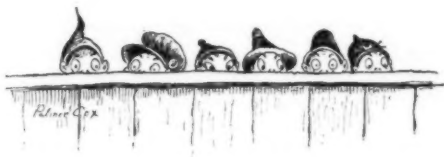
you see,
Are gifted in a high
degree,

Of wars,
until the theme
grew old.

It gave them sport to run around
And climb the trees that there they found,
And swing on vines that stretched between
The mossy trunks like hammocks green.
Sometimes a dozen in a row
Would thus be swaying to and fro,
Until a break the swing would end
And to the ground they'd all descend.



For Nature never knew a band
Or race, or tribe, in any land,
From Sitka Sound to Singapore,
That could appreciate her more.
A scene that dull and dark might fall
On some, perhaps, who coldly crawl



Along through life without a thrill,
With rapture will a Brownie fill.
Each stream and grove attracts the eye,
The flowering vales and sunny sky;
And not alone of these we speak,
We note the charm of beauty's cheek,
We mark the eyes that have the art
To soon enslave the fluttering heart,
And lips to which the memory clings
Through every change that fortune
brings."

Once, while in boats they worked their
way

Around a bend to reach a bay,
Near by an alligator great
Was resting in a dreamy state.
Said one: "I 'm weary of the oar,
We 'll venture nigher to the shore
A rope around that creature throw
And make him take our boat in tow;
Through mystic power we 'll keep him
still

Obedient to the Brownies' will,
And thus more time we can command
To view the scenes
around so grand."

Soon Brownie oars were
laid aside,
And poles by which
they 'd stemmed
the tide,
And up the stream with
wondrous speed
The alligator took the
lead.

The lengthy rope between was taut
As with the current still he fought,
While changed in disposition well
Beneath the Brownies' mystic spell,
He furnished more than one a seat
Who thought the ride no common treat.
In fact, so much they liked the joke,
Each alligator they awoke
Was soon subdued through Brownie art
And in their service played his part,
Delighting much the group that found
Upon his back a camping-ground.
For fear the charm might lose its hold
That for a time the beasts controlled,
And they might think they had some cause
Without reserve to use their jaws,
The Brownies with precaution good
Secured the mouth as best they could;



So, should the spell slip from them all,
 No harm would to the Brownies fall,
 Except what trouble they might find
 If one saw fit to change its mind,
 Quit surface-swimming, and instead,
 Try crawling on the river's bed.

Perhaps we 'd be as free and quick
 To take advantage of the trick.
 At times you might have seen a scare
 If you had been in hiding there,
 And had the gift to see them right
 That only comes with second sight ;



"UP THE STREAM WITH WONDROUS SPEED THE ALLIGATOR TOOK THE LEAD."

Had we, like them, the power to bind
 The jaws of creatures found unkind,
 Could we, through mystic spells, reclaim
 What proved unfriendly or untame,

For sometimes in that journey long
 In spite of charms things would go wrong,
 And Brownies would be forced to try
 The swimmer's art till help drew nigh.

The State is full of wonders strange
That tempted Brownies still to range.
Through dismal swamp and everglade
Without a guide they onward strayed;

In places where no mortal cares
To set his foot, a Brownie dares
To travel freely in delight,
And study Nature's face aright.



THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school: •

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause
when hailing
This little mark from school: ,

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen
greet —
These little marks from school: :

•
,
:

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword — takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new
treasure;
This little mark from school: ;

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
“Keep up the voice,—await replies”;
To gather information tries
This little mark from school: ?

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an
elevation,
This little mark from school: !

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school!

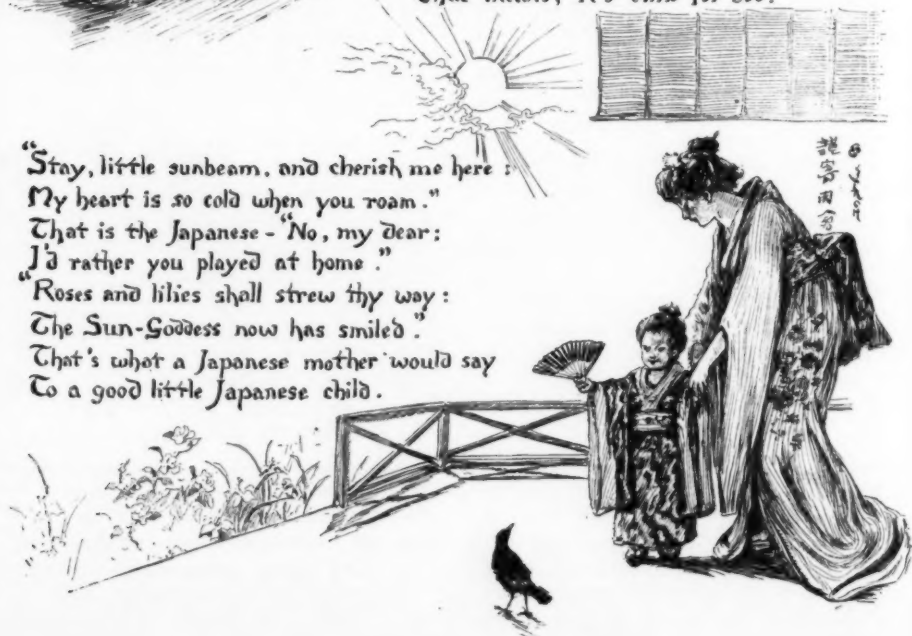
;
?
!



by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,
Come and thy pinions furl."
That's what a Japanese mother would say
To her dear little Japanese girl.
"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,
Now that the day is dead.
Listen and dream while the mother-bird sings,
That means, "It's time for bed."

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here:
My heart is so cold when you roam."
That is the Japanese - "No, my dear:
I'd rather you played at home."
"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way:
The Sun-Goddess now has smiled."
That's what a Japanese mother would say
To a good little Japanese child.



THE DRUM-MAJOR.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WHEN I was a boy in New York, as many of us youngsters walked in front of a procession as there were soldiers in it. The platoon of mounted police which now clears the street for blocks ahead, was then—and it was not so many years ago, either—unknown; for there was no mounted police. Those were the days before a State uniform was required, and each regiment wore a uniform of its own. The famous Seventh were attired like chasseurs; there were zouaves, and a whole regiment of cavalry, and separate corps, like the Gardes Lafayette, who wore blue coats and red trousers, and were preceded by sappers with gleaming axes, bearskin caps, and long white aprons—not to mention two German regiments whose uniforms were not unlike those of the Prussian service.

They made a motley procession, but not more motley than the vanguard of boys, the tallest among us marching in the lead and swinging one of his father's sticks like a drum-major. To us the real drum-major seemed little more than an ornament and a harlequin, a soldier-acrobat who would have been as much in place in a circus as at the head of a regiment. The drum-majors were fine-looking fellows then, as now; tall and shapely, their natural height increased by their great bearskin caps, so that they all seemed sprung from a race of giants. Whenever the drum-corps had been playing for some time, we would look back impatient for the drum-major's signal to the band. How it thrilled us to see his stick flourish in the air; and when, as he brought it down, the band broke in upon the drums with a crashing chord, our forms straightened up and our steps became more buoyant! In those days I thought the duties of the drum-major were limited to squelching alternately the drum-corps and the band, and between times looking as large and handsome as possible. But, while the drum-major cannot, under any circum-

stances, be said to have been born to blush unseen, he performs many duties of which the looker-on at a street-parade knows nothing. It requires a visit to a State camp or a United States Army post to learn what the tall man in the bearskin hat has to do. For there he is busy even when he is n't on show.

The drum-major is to the band what the first sergeant is to a company. He drills the musicians in marching, sees that they are rightly equipped, that the brasses are bright and the music in order. The band, of course, practises under the band-leader, but the drum-major has full charge of the field music—the trumpeters and the drum-and-fife corps. In fact, the drum-major derives his name from the fact that he was formerly the chief drummer of the regiment. He has been an ornament of the British army since the reign of Charles II., and has long flourished in the continental services. He is *tambour-major* in the French army, and he went by the same name in the German service until the gradual giving up of French terms after the Franco-German war converted him into the *Regiments-trommler*,—the regimental drummer,—a term which well expresses the original duties of the office, but lacks the swing of "drum-major" and "tambour-major." And what is a drum-major without swing?

At "parade," at an army post, or State camp, the drum-major leads the band and field music to the front, and brings it to a halt facing the color-line. At the approach of the adjutant he gives the command, "Open ranks," and, when the arms have been inspected, "Close ranks." He then marches the band back to its place on the color-line.

The drum-major's uniform is usually the gayest in the regiment. A striking bit of color, and aiguillettes,* combine with the bearskin hat to make him one of the most picturesque features of a parade, especially if he has been selected

* The tagged points or braid hanging from the shoulder in some military uniforms.

for his height and his soldierly bearing. Drum-major Ludwig Jorgensen, of the battalion of engineers at Willet's Point, is among the most striking-looking drum-majors in the regular army. With his bearskin hat he stands seven feet eight inches, or within four inches of eight feet. He carries a heavy staff about four and a half feet long, with a large head and long ferule. This staff is considerably longer than the usual short bamboo loaded in the center, and hence is better adapted for signaling commands to the band and field music, though the shorter stick is easier to twirl. A clever trick with these short sticks is for two drum-majors to stand some distance apart, twirl their sticks in front of them, and then let go, each drum-major catching the other's stick and returning it to him in the same way.

The drum-major's uniform is so gorgeous because his imagination is not fettered by the United States Army regulations, he being allowed to wear any uniform which his colonel considers appropriate. He will usually have three or four uniforms, changing them according to his fancy. You see he is the artist of the regiment, and so is allowed some freedom in dress. The drum-major ranks as a sergeant, but no regular sergeant in the United States Army could get himself up as Drum-major Jorgensen does, with a red breast-piece of Prussian Uhlan (Lancer) pattern, a broad gold and white band, gold epaulets, and aiguillettes, to say nothing of the towering bearskin hat.

Like poets, drum-majors are born, not made. One man may become a drum-major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a lifetime. Without the knack of handling the stick he will never be an artist, and will, probably at the very moment when he should look his jauntiest, commit the crime, unpardonable in a drum-major, of dropping his left hand to his side. For the left hand should always, except in two-handed movements with the staff, rest, knuckles up, on the hip. Thus the drum-major's pose, when not marching or giving a command, is to stand with his left hand on his hip, his right hand grasping his stick just below the head, the point of the stick resting on the ground. He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall,

two paces in front of the band. Now comes the moment, so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward—March" are to be given. Facing the band the drum-major, with a quick turn of the wrist, points the ferule upward, letting it slant a little to the right. Then, raising his staff to the height of his chin, he thrusts it the full length of his arm to the right, and draws it back again. This is the signal to play. Then, turning, he points the staff to the front, thrusts it the full length of his arm forward, and music and march begin. In the old days the drum-major then brought the "cane," as the staff was called in the tactics, to the position of "carry sword." Now the drum-major beats time, setting the "cadence"—the number of steps to a minute—of the march. As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, through which he gives the command to play. Expert drum-majors, however, introduce some fancy movement here. Jorgensen, for instance, has a pretty way of describing a circle from the front to the back of his right shoulder, grasping the staff in the middle and twirling it so that the head points downward at the moment the left foot is to advance. In unskillful hands this movement is apt to end in disaster, the ferule striking the drum-major's back or nose—which puts the nose out of joint and the band out of time.

It is important that the drum-major should mark the cadence correctly, as otherwise, not only his own, but all other regiments following, will march too slowly or too rapidly. The regular cadence is 120 steps to the minute; but in Memorial Day parades, when there are many veterans in the procession, the drum-majors quietly reduce it to ninety. Another clever trick of the drum-major is to seize the ferule between the fore and middle fingers, swing a full circle with it four or five times, and let go, giving it a slight twist as it leaves his fingers.

The drum-major who gets the knack of the twist and knows enough to allow for the number of steps he will advance, can make his staff circle high up in front of him and sail down into his hand again.

When the band is to execute an oblique movement, the drum-major holds his staff in a

horizontal position at the height of his neck, and pointing the ferule in the direction of the oblique, extends his arm to its full length. The prettiest evolution of the band is the counter-march. The drum-major "faces the music" and gives the signal to march, but instead of turning remains standing with his face toward the band. The band marches upon the drum-

fighting men. In battle they aid the ambulance corps. It would be queer tactics to use smokeless powder to prevent the foe from detecting your position, and then have the band tooting away on your line of battle!

The armies of the world are becoming less and less ornamental. The uniforms are plainer than formerly, so that the soldier may not be



"Attention."



"Forward."



"Halt."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS USED BY PERMISSION OF W. R. KING, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, U. S. A., BATTALION OF ENGINEERS AT WILLET'S POINT, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

major, but on reaching him the file leaders to the right of him wheel to the right, those on the left to the left, the drum-major marching down through the center. To signal for halt the tall man in the bearskin cap raises the staff with both hands in a horizontal position above his head, and with arms extended drops it to a horizontal position at the height of his hips. With the staff he also indicates to the field music what signal it is to play, and puts the drum-corps through the manual: for instance, "Put up the drum-sticks,"—"Detach the drums,"—"Ground the drums."

The drum-major and the musicians are not

an easier target for the enemy, and in other ways the actual needs of the service have overcome the mere notions of the parade-ground. But the drum-major remains. He has his special rôle. He gives a theatrical touch to a review which otherwise it would lack, and, lacking, sadly miss. He is the last of all the old-time "fancy touches," and may his days still be long! Like the conductor of an orchestra, he sets the pace. A regiment with a jaunty drum-major will never lack buoyancy and snap.

And so, though a non-combatant, the drum-major is the bravest-looking of all.



BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, COVENTRY, CONNECTICUT.

A YOUNG HERO.

BY MARY S. NORTHPROP.

IN City Hall Park, New York city, stands the bronze statue of a young man, the story of whose brief life thrills all patriotic hearts.

The statue represents him pinioned, awaiting the gallows, as he uttered his last words.

Americans unite in admiration of his noble character, pride in his self-forgetful heroism, and grief over his untimely death. Every boy and girl in America should know by heart the life of Captain Nathan Hale. It is a story which every son and daughter of the great Republic should enshrine in their memories.

In the darkest hour of our country's struggle for liberty, this self-devoted hero—inspired with fervid patriotism and eager to render service to his country—laid down his young life, a sacrifice to the cause of American liberty.

The days and weeks that followed that memorable Fourth of July in 1776 were dark indeed for the struggling colonists.

Determined to crush with one effort the insurrection in her American colonies, Great Britain sent that summer a larger force than any which had before landed upon our shores.

You know the story of the disastrous battle upon Long Island—where the few thousand ill-clothed, undisciplined provincial troops faced a splendidly equipped army, many regiments of which were veterans. The raw American troops, despite their courage and heroism, were no match for the trained and skilled soldiery of Great Britain; and even General Washington, undemonstrative and reserved as he was, is said to have wrung his hands in anguish upon

seeing his troops defeated and driven back, he being powerless to aid them.

During the night of August 29, 1776, Washington escaped with the remainder of his little army across the East River.

The troops were so greatly depressed by their defeat, and were in so alarming a state of gloom and despondency, that men deserted by the score.

Washington sorely needed information of the strength and probable movements of the powerful enemy. He deemed it necessary that some skilled soldier should go, as a spy, within the British lines, and procure for him the knowledge so much desired, that he might be "warned in ample time."

He wrote to General Heath that "everything depended upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions," and he entreated him and General Clinton to "leave no stone unturned" to secure information.

The commander-in-chief's desire became generally known among his officers, but so perilous was the service that for a time no one offered to undertake it.

Captain Nathan Hale, a brilliant young officer belonging to "Knowlton's Rangers," calmly decided it was his duty to undertake the enterprise upon which the fate of the dejected little army seemed to depend. His friends sought in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. "I desire to be useful," was his reply; his only thought seemed to be to serve his country.

His fellow-officer and college friend, Captain William Hull, entreated him as a soldier not to run the risk of ending his military career by risking the ignominious death of a spy. Hale's reply to his friend's argument was that "Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

The young officer presented himself to General Washington as a volunteer for the dangerous service, was accepted, received his instructions, and disappeared from camp.

He passed up the Connecticut shore, disguised himself as a schoolmaster, and landed upon Long Island. He visited all the British camps upon Long Island and in New York, and made drawings of the fortifications, writing

his observations in Latin, and hiding them between the soles of his shoes.

He had been about two weeks within the British lines, had accomplished his purpose, and was waiting upon the shore at Huntington, Long Island, for a boat that was to convey him to Connecticut, when he was captured — having been recognized a few hours previous by a Tory refugee. He was taken aboard a British man-of-war, and carried to Sir William Howe's headquarters in New York city. Here he was condemned to be executed at sunrise on the following morning.

In what prison or guard-house the noble-souled young patriot spent that last sad night of his life is not known; but of the brutality with which he was treated by the provost marshal into whose hands he was given over, there is abundant proof. His request for the attendance of a clergyman was refused. Even a Bible was denied him.

During the preparations for the execution, an English officer obtained permission to offer the prisoner the seclusion of his tent, where writing materials were furnished.

But the farewell letters he wrote to his mother, to his sweetheart, and to a comrade in the army, were torn to shreds before his eyes by the cruel provost marshal.

It was early dawn on Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, that our young hero was hurried away from the tent of the English officer to the gallows. The spot selected was the orchard of Colonel Henry Rutgers, on East Broadway, not far above what is now Franklin Square.

A crowd had gathered, many of whom afterward bore witness to the noble bearing of the young hero, and to the barbarity with which he was treated by the provost marshal. This official said: "The rebels shall never know they have a man who can die with such firmness."

As Hale was about to ascend the fatal scaffold, he stood a moment looking upon the detachment of British soldiers, and the crowd standing about; and the words that came from his loyal young heart in that supreme moment will never die: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



NATHAN HALE RECEIVING WASHINGTON'S INSTRUCTIONS.

It is not known in what spot his body was laid, but the bones of the young patriot crumbled to dust in the heart of the great metropolis of the republic he helped to found.

So long as love of country is cherished, and devotion to the cause of liberty is remembered, so long will the name of Nathan Hale shine with pure and undimmed luster.

The birthplace of our hero is in the town of Coventry, twenty miles east of Hartford in the State of Connecticut. Upon high ground, commanding a fine prospect, stands the large, old-fashioned farm-house where he was born. He was the sixth of twelve children: nine sons and three daughters. So delicate was he as an infant, it was feared he would not live; but when he became a lad, exercise in outdoor sports, of which he was very fond, gave strength and vigor to his body.

As a boy he was famous for his athletic feats. It is said he excelled all his fellows in running,

leaping, wrestling, playing ball, and shooting at a mark. When a student at Yale College he made a prodigious leap which was marked upon the Green in New Haven, and often pointed out long afterward. Colonel Green, of New London, who knew him later when he was a schoolmaster in that town, speaking of Hale's agility says: "He would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it at a single bound; he would jump from the bottom of one empty hoghead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat."

He "loved the gun and fishing-rod, and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort." He used jokingly to boast to his sisters over their spinning-wheels, that he "could do anything but spin!" His

bright mind was quick to apply what he learned.

In those days high schools were unknown, and classical academies were confined to the large towns; so boys of the smaller towns who sought for a liberal education were prepared for college by the ministers, many of whom were accomplished scholars.

Doctor Joseph Huntington, the minister of the parish in which young Hale was born, "was considered in the churches a pattern of learning," and from him Nathan Hale and two brothers received their preparation for college—being intended by their father for the ministry. Enoch at sixteen years of age, and Nathan at fourteen, entered Yale College together, and were graduated in 1773.

Doctor Eneas Munson, of New Haven, says of Nathan Hale at this time: "He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I have ever met. His chest was

broad; his muscles were firm; his face wore a most benign expression; his complexion was roseate; his eyes were light blue, and beamed with intelligence; his hair was soft and light brown in color; and his speech was rather low, sweet and musical. His personal beauty and grace of manner were most charming. . . ."

At his graduation he took part in a Latin dispute followed by a debate upon the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than

which the young schoolmaster made a stirring speech. "Let us march immediately," said he, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

The young teacher gathered his school-boys together, and, after giving them wise counsel, bade them an affectionate good-by, and hurried away with the other recruits to Boston.

He was soon made lieutenant in a company belonging to a regiment commanded by Colonel Webb, and the next year he was put in



NATHAN HALE, DISGUISED AS A SCHOOLMASTER, WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES.

that of the sons." A classmate wrote of this debate: "Hale was triumphant. He was the champion of the daughters, and most nobly advocated their cause."

The year after his graduation from college, he taught school in the town of East Haddam.

When the news of the fight at Lexington rang through the colonies, Nathan Hale was master of the Union Grammar School in New London. A town meeting was at once called, at

command of a company of a famous corps—Knowlton's Rangers, known as "Congress's Own."

One of the last letters written by Captain Hale before starting upon his perilous mission was to his brother Enoch. These brothers were very deeply attached to each other, and the grief of the young minister Enoch for his brother's tragic fate was most profound. It will bring the young hero nearer to children of

to-day, to remember that Enoch's son, Nathan, was the father of the distinguished author of our own time, Edward Everett Hale, and of Lucretia P. Hale, especially well known to *St. NICHOLAS* readers and to many other young people as the author of the "Peterkin Papers."

When Captain Hale departed on his fatal errand, he left his uniform and camp accoutrements in the care of Asher Wright, a townsman who acted in the capacity of a servant to the

memory of the "Martyr Spy" of the American Revolution.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, grandfather of the present President of the University, was Nathan Hale's college tutor. He commemorated Hale's career in a poem highly praising the character and qualities of his former student.

Four years after the execution of Captain Hale, Major André was captured within the American lines; it was Major Benjamin Tall-



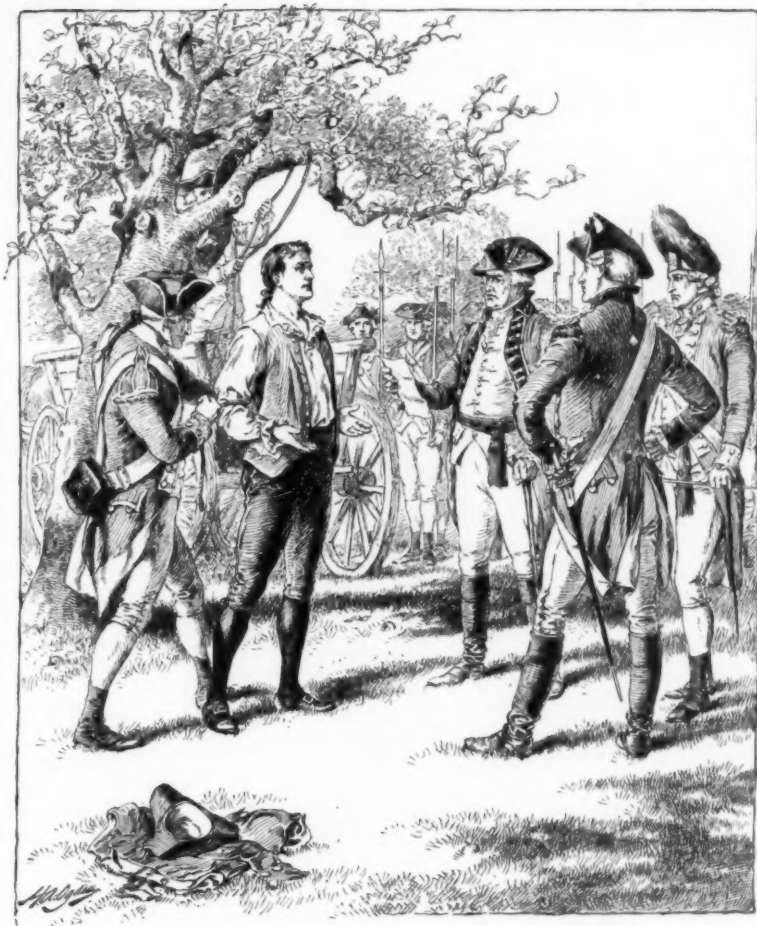
CAPTURE OF NATHAN HALE.

young officer. Some years after his discharge from the service, Asher Wright returned to his old home in Coventry, bearing the precious relics: the camp basket, the camp book, and the tenderly-cared-for uniform of the beloved young officer. He lived to extreme old age, but to his latest day he could not speak without tears of his young master. His grave is in the burial-ground at South Coventry, within a few feet of those of the Hale family, and near the granite monument erected in 1846 to the

madge, a college classmate and dear friend of Nathan Hale's, who conducted André to Washington's headquarters; and on their way thither André talked of Hale and of his fate.

Lafayette, in his memoirs, speaking of these two young officers, says:

Captain Hale of Connecticut, a distinguished young man, beloved by his family and friends, had been taken on Long Island under circumstances of the same kind as those that occasioned the death of Major André; but instead of being treated with the like respect, to which



THE EXECUTION OF THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

Major André himself bore testimony, Captain Hale was insulted to the last moment of his life. "This is a fine death for a soldier!" said one of the English officers, who were surrounding the cart of execution. "Sir," replied Hale, lifting up his cap, "there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause!"

A fine bronze monument to the memory of Nathan Hale is in the vestibule of the State Capitol, Hartford, Connecticut. It was erected in 1887, a large sum of money being voted toward its cost by the State of Connecticut. It bears the inscription:

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE,
1776.
BORN AT COVENTRY,
June 6, 1755,
DIED AT NEW YORK,
Sept. 22, 1776.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

But it is most fitting that the latest monument to his memory should stand in the city of New York near the spot where he suffered death for his country.



THE STATUE OF NATHAN HALE, BY FREDERICK MCMONNIES, RECENTLY ERECTED IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.

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JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

MARLBOROUGH.

MARLBOROUGH was Colonel Birchall Parker's home. It was, in its day, perhaps the finest house in Virginia, not even excepting the Governor's palace at Williamsburg. It stood upon the summit of a slope of the shore rising up from the banks of the James River. The trees in front nearly hid the house from the river as you passed, but the chimneys and the roof stood up above the foliage, and you caught a glimpse of the brick façade and of the elaborate doorway through an opening in the trees where the path led up from the landing-place to the hall door. The main house was a large two-storied building capped by a tall steep roof. From the center building, long wings reached out to either side, terminating at each end in a smaller building or office standing at right angles to its wing, and, together with the main house, inclosing on three sides a rather shaggy, grassy lawn. From the front you saw nothing of the servants' quarters or outbuildings (which were around at the rear of the house), but only the imposing façade with its wings and offices.

Colonel Birchall Parker had arisen, and his servant was shaving him. He sat by the open window in his dressing-gown and slippers. His wig, a voluminous mass of curled hair, hung from the block, ready for him to wear. The sunlight and the warm, mellow breeze came in at the window, just stirring the linen curtains drawn back to either side.

Colonel Parker held the basin under his chin while the man shaved him. He had a large, benevolent face, the smooth double chin just now covered with a white mass of soapsuds.

The noises of newly awakened life were sounding clear and distinct through the uncarpeted, wainscoted spaces of the house —

the opening and shutting of doors, the sound of voices, and now and then a break of laughter.

The great hall, and the side rooms opening upon it, when Colonel Parker came down-stairs, were full of that singularly wide, cool, new look that the beginning of the morning always brings to accustomed scenes. Mr. Richard Parker, who had been down from his room some time, was standing outside upon the steps in the fresh open air. He turned as Colonel Parker came out of the doorway. "Well, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "I am glad to see you; I hope you are well?"

"Thank you, sir," said the other, bowing, but without any change in the immobility of his expression. "I am, I believe, very well indeed. I hope you are in good health, sir?"

"Why, yes," said Colonel Parker; "I believe I have naught to complain of now." He came out further upon the steps and stood with his hands clasped behind him, looking now up into the sky, now down the vista between the trees and across the river.

There was a pause. "Have you any one staying with you now?" asked Mr. Richard Parker, presently.

"Nobody but Rodney Harrison and his sisters, and Mr. William Edwards, who stopped last night on his way down the river. I think I hear the young people now."

There was a sound of fresh young voices echoing through the upper hall; then the noise of laughter, and presently the sound of rapid feet running down the uncarpeted stairway. Eleanor Parker burst out of the house in a gale, caught her father by the coat, and standing on her tip-toes, kissed both of his cheeks in rapid succession.

Two young girls and a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen followed her out of the house.

"My dear," said Colonel Parker, "do you not, then, see your uncle?"

"Why, to be sure I do," said she; "but how

could you expect me to see anybody until I had first kissed you? How do you do, Uncle Richard?" and she offered him her cheek to kiss.

Mr. Richard Parker smiled, but, as he always did, as though with an effort. "Why, zounds, Nell!" said he. "Sure, you grow prettier every day. How long do you suppose 't will be before you set all the gentlemen in the colony by the ears? If I were only as young as Rodney, yonder, I'd be almost sorry to be your uncle, except I would then not have the right to kiss your cheek as I have just done."

Rodney Harrison smiled constrainedly, and the young girl blushed and laughed, with a flash of her eyes and a sparkle of white teeth between her red lips. "Why, Uncle Richard," said she, "and in that case, if you were as handsome a man as you are now, I too would be sorry to have you for nothing better than an uncle."

At this moment the other visitor came out at the doorway. "Good morning, sir," said Colonel Parker, turning calmly to meet him; "I hope you slept well last night."

"Thank you, sir; I did," said Mr. Edwards. "One is apt to sleep well after a forty-mile ride. How d' ye do, Parker?"

"How do ye do, Edwards?" said Mr. Parker, and his face had once more resumed its look of cold indifference.

Just then a negro appeared at the door and announced that breakfast was ready. And they all went in together.

They had hardly begun their meal when the door opened and Mistress Parker, or Madam Parker, as she was generally called, entered the room, followed by her negro maid carrying a cushion. The three younger gentlemen rose to greet her.

Lady Parker was a thin little woman, very nervous and quick in her movements. She had a fine, sensitive face, and, like her daughter, very dark eyes, only they were quick and brilliant, and not soft and rich like those of the young girl.

The morning was very warm, and so, after breakfast was over, the negroes were ordered to carry chairs out upon the lawn, under the shade of the trees, at some little distance from

the house. The wide, red, brick front of the building looked down upon them where they sat, the elder gentlemen smoking each a long clay pipe of tobacco, while Mistress Parker sat with them talking intermittently. The young people sat at a little distance chatting together ceaselessly in subdued voices with now and then a half-suppressed break of laughter.

"I hear, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "that Simms hath brought up a lot of servants from Yorktown."

"Yes," said Mr. Parker, "there were about twenty altogether, I believe. And that brings a matter into my mind. There was one young fellow I should like very much to have if you can spare him to me—a boy of about sixteen or seventeen. I have no house-servant since Tim died, and so if you have a mind to part with this lad, sir, I'd like mightily well to have him."

"Why, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "if Simms hath no use for the boy, I see no reason why you should not have him. What hath Simms done with him?"

"He is with the other servants over at the old storehouse. I believe, sir, Simms had them sent there last night. May I send for the lad, that you may see him?"

"Why, yes, if you choose," said Colonel Parker.

Mr. Richard Parker beckoned to a negro who was passing along the lawn in front of the house. "Go ask Simms," he said, "if he will send over that young boy I spoke to him of yesterday."

Jack, as he followed the negro through the warm, bright sunlight, gazed about him—though half bewildered with the newness of everything—with an intense and vivid interest. He had seen really nothing of Marlborough when he had been marched up from the landing-place at midnight with his fellow-servants the night before, excepting a tall mass of trees, and then the dark pile of the house looming against the sky. As the negro led him around the end of the building he gazed up curiously at the wide brick front of the building. Then he saw that there was a party of ladies and gentlemen sitting in the shade across the lawn.

He followed the negro as the other led him straight toward the group, and then he halted at a little distance, not knowing just what was expected of him.

Mr. Richard Parker beckoned to him. "Come hither, boy," said he; "this gentleman wants to see you." Jack obeyed, trying not to appear ungainly or uncouth in his movements, and feeling that he did not know just how to succeed.

"Look up, boy,—hold up your head," said a gentleman he knew at once to be the great Colonel Parker of whom he had heard, a large, stout, noble-looking gentleman, with a broad, smooth chin, and a diamond solitaire pinned in the cravat at his throat. As Jack obeyed, he felt, rather than saw, that a pretty young lady was standing behind the gentleman's chair, looking at him with large dark eyes. "Where did you come from?" asked the gentleman.

Jack, with the gaze of everybody upon him, felt shy of the sound of his own voice. "I came from Southampton," said he.

"Speak up, boy,—speak up," said the gentleman.

"I came from Southampton," said Jack again; and this time it seemed to him that his voice was very loud indeed.

"From Southampton, hey?" said the gentleman. He looked at Jack very critically for a while in silence. "Well, brother Richard," said he, at last, "'t is indeed a well-looking lad, and if Simms hath no special use for him I will let you have him. How long is he bound for?"

"Seven years, I think," said Mr. Parker. "I spoke to Simms about him yesterday, and he said he could spare him. Simms gave thirty pounds for him, and I will be willing and glad enough to pay you that for him."

"Tut, tut, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "don't speak to me of paying for him; indeed I give him to you very willingly."

"Then indeed, sir, I am very much obliged to you. You may go now, boy." Jack hesitated for a moment, not knowing clearly if he understood. "You may go, I said," said Mr. Richard Parker again. And Jack went away accompanied by the negro.

The gloomy interior of the storehouse struck chill upon him as he reëntered it from the

brightness and heat outside, and once more he was conscious of the dampness and all-pervading earthy smell. The transports huddled together were dull and silent. One or two of them were smoking, others lay sleeping heavily, others sat crouching or leaning against the wall doing nothing—perfectly inert. They hardly looked up as Jack entered.

"What did they want of ye?" inquired the man beside whom Jack sat down.

"I don't know," said Jack; "it was Colonel Parker I saw. He 's a great, grand gentleman. It 's a grand house, too." Others of the servants near by listened with a fleeting show of interest as Jack spoke, but when he ceased speaking the interest flickered out, and they did not ask any other questions.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN THE RIVER.

THE next morning the door of the storehouse in which Jack and his companions were confined was suddenly opened by a white man. He was a roughly dressed fellow with a shaggy beard, and with silver ear-rings in his ears. "Where 's that there boy of Mr. Richard Parker's?" said he.

"D' ye mean me?" said Jack. "Am I going for good and all?"

"I reckon ye be."

The other redemptioners had roused themselves somewhat at the coming of the man, and were listening. "Good-by, Jack," said one of them; and as he was about to go the others took up the words, "Good-by—good-by, Jack."

Then he followed the man out into the bright sunlight. His conductor led the way down back of the great house and past a clustered group of cabins, in front of which a number of negro children played like monkeys, half naked and bareheaded. They stopped their antics and stood in the sun and watched Jack as he passed, and some negro women came to their doors and stood also watching him.

"Won't you tell me where I 'm going to be taken to, sir?" asked Jack, quickening his steps so as to come up alongside of his conductor.

"You 're going with Mr. Richard Parker,"

said the man. "I reckon he 'll be taking you down to the 'Roost' with him."

"The Roost?" said Jack, "and where is the Roost?"

"Why, the Roost is Mr. Parker's house. It's some thirty or forty mile down the river."

As they were speaking they had come out past the end of the great house and upon the edge of the slope. From where they were now they looked down to the shore of the river and upon a large flatboat, with a great square sail, that lay at the landing-place. There was a pile of bags and a lot of boxes and bundles of various sorts lying upon the wharf in the sun. Three or four negro men were slowly and indolently carrying the bags aboard the flatboat.

"Are we going down the river in that flatboat?" asked Jack, as he descended the slope at the heels of the other.

"Yes," said the man, briefly.

On the bank at the end of the wharf was a square brick building, in the shade of which stood Mr. Simms and Mr. Parker, the latter smoking a cigarro. Mr. Simms held a slip of paper in his hand upon which he kept the tally of the bags as they were carried aboard. Jack went out along the wharf, watching the negro men at work until Mr. Simms called out: "Get aboard the boat, young man!" Thereupon he stepped into the boat, climbing over the seats to the bow, where he settled himself easily upon some bags of meal, and whence he watched the slow loading of the boat.

At last everything was taken aboard. "We're all ready now, Mr. Simms," called out the man who had brought Jack down from the storehouse.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Simms came down the wharf together. Mr. Parker stepped aboard the scow and immediately it was cast loose and pushed off from the landing.

"Good-by, Mr. Parker, sir," called back Mr. Simms across the widening stretch of water, and he lifted his hat as he spoke, while Mr. Parker nodded a curt reply. The boat drifted farther and farther away with the sweep of the stream, as the negro rowers settled themselves in their places, and Mr. Simms still stood on the wharf, looking after them. Then the oars creaked in the rowlocks and the head of the boat came

slowly around in the direction intended. Jack, lying upon and amid the meal-bags, looked out astern. Before him were the naked, sinewy backs of the eight negro oarsmen, and away in the stern sat the white man—he was the overseer of the North Plantation—and Mr. Parker, who was just lighting a fresh cigarro. Presently the oars sounded with a ceaseless chug, chug, in the rowlocks, and then the overseer left the tiller for a moment, and came forward and trimmed the square, brown sail that now swelled out smooth and round with the warm wind. The rugged, wooded shores crept slowly past them, and the now distant wharf and brick buildings of the great house perched upon the slope dropped slowly away astern. Then the flatboat crept around the bend of the river, and house and wharf were shut off by an intervening point of land.

Jack could not but feel the keen novelty of it all. The sky was warm and clear. The bright surface of the water, driven by the breeze, danced and sparkled in the drifting sunlight. Jack felt a thrill of interest that was almost like delight in the newness of everything.

About noon the overseer brought out a hamper-like basket, which he opened, and from which he took a plentiful supply of food; he passed forward to Jack a couple of cold roast potatoes, a great lump of Indian corn-bread, and a thick slice of ham. It seemed to Jack that he had never tasted anything so good.

After he had finished his meal he felt very sleepy. He curled himself down upon the bags in the sunlight and presently dozed off.

He must have slept very soundly, for the afternoon sun was slanting when he was aroused by a thumping and bumping and a stir on board. He opened his eyes and sat up to see that the boat had again stopped at a landing-place. It was a straggling, uneven wharf, at the end of which, upon the shore, was an open shed. Thence a rough and rugged road ran up the steep bluff bank, and then turned away into the woody wilderness beyond. A wagon with a nondescript team of oxen and mules, and half a dozen men, black and white, were waiting beside the shed at the end of the wharf for the coming of the flatboat.

Then followed the unloading of the boat.

Mr. Parker had gone ashore, and Jack could see him and the overseer talking together and inspecting a small boat that lay pulled up from the water upon a little strip of sandy beach. Jack himself climbed out from the boat upon the wharf, where he walked up and down stretching himself and watching those at work. Presently he heard some one calling, "Where 's that young fellow? Hi, lad, come here!"

It was the overseer who had brought the flatboat down the river who was calling him.

Then Jack saw that they had made ready the smaller boat they had been looking at, and had got the sail hoisted upon it. It flapped and beat in the wind. A little group stood about it, and Jack saw that they were waiting for him. He ran along the wharf and jumped down from it to the sandy beach. They were in the act of pushing off the boat when he climbed aboard. As it slid off into the water Mr. Parker stepped into it. Two men ran splashing through the water and pushed it off, and, as it reached the deeper water, one of them jumped in over the stern with a dripping splash of his bare feet, catching the tiller and trimming the sail as he did so, and bringing the bow of the boat around before the wind. Then there was a gurgling ripple of water under the bows as the wind filled the sail more strongly, and presently the wharf and the flatboat dropped rapidly astern, and once more Jack was sailing down the river, while wooded shores and high bluff banks alternating, drifted by and were dropped away behind.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROOST.

THE sun had set and the dusk was falling rapidly when they finally reached their destination. As well as Jack could see, the boat was running toward a precipitous bluff shore, above the crest of which, and some forty or fifty yards back, loomed the indistinct form of a house with two tall chimneys standing out sharply against the sky. There was a dark mass of trees at one side, and what appeared to be a cluster of huts to the other. The barking of two or three dogs sounded distantly across the water, and a dim light shone from one of the windows. As the boat approached nearer

and nearer to the shore the steep bluff bank shut out everything from sight, and then, at last, with a grinding jar upon the beach, the journey was ended.

"Jump out, boy," said Mr. Parker, and Jack obeyed.

A flight of high, ladder-like steps reached from the sandy beach to the top of the bluff. Jack followed Mr. Parker up this stairway, leaving the man who had brought them to furl and tie the sail. Excepting the barking of dogs and the light in the window, there was at first no sign of life about the place as they approached. Then suddenly there was a pause in the dogs' barking, then a renewed clamorous burst from half a dozen throats at once. Suddenly the light in the room began to flicker and move, and Jack could see that half a dozen dim forms had appeared around the end of the house. The next minute a wide door was opened and a woman's figure appeared holding a candle above her head. Instantly half a dozen hounds burst out from behind her and came rushing down toward the two, baying and barking clamorously. They jumped upon the master, whining and pawing on him, and he kicked them away right and left, swearing at them. They smelt at Jack's legs, and he drew himself away, not knowing how fierce they might be.

Mr. Parker led the way directly up the flight of tall, steep steps and into the hallway. He nodded to the woman as he passed. "Well, Peggy," said he, briefly.

She was a middle-aged woman with a strong stolid face. She stood aside, and the master passed by her into the house, Jack following close at his heels. It was a large, barren hallway, and the light of the candle barely lit it up. At the farther end was the dim form of a broad, bare stairway leading up to the floor above. The whole place seemed to have an empty, neglected look. A couple of saddles lay in a heap in one corner of the room beside a tall, dark clock that was not going. The cane seats of the two tall, stiff chairs were burst through, bristling raggedly. A bridle and a couple of hats hung on a row of pegs against the plastered wall, and there was throughout the place an indefinable odor of

horses and of the stables. Mr. Parker beckoned to one of the several negroes who stood just outside the door looking in from the falling night.

"Here, Coffee—Sambo—What's your name—is Dennis about?"

"Iss, Massa"; and he grinned in the darkness with a sudden gleam of his white teeth.

"Then take this boy to him and tell him that he's to fill Tim's place. As for you," said the master to Jack, "you can come back here tomorrow morning early, and Mistress Pitcher, here, will show you what to do."

As the negro led Jack around the back of the house, he found himself in what seemed to him in the darkness to be an open yard nearly bare of grass. Upon one side of this open space fronted a jumble of rickety sheds and cabins. A number of human figures were moving silently about these huts. They stopped and looked as Jack passed by them in the darkness. The negro led him to the last cabin in the row, then pointing his finger, said, "In dar, Massa Dennis"; and Jack understood that he was to enter.

The interior of the hut was dark and filled with the stale odor of wood-smoke. The whole of one side of it was occupied by a vast chimneyplace black as ink with soot. A table, two wooden chairs, and a settle, or bench, comprised the furniture of the room. Above was a shelf-like floor reached by a ladder, and in this loft was the dim outline of a wide bed. All this Jack saw by the light of a candle burning upon the table. Beside the table sat a little red-haired man smoking a pipe of tobacco. When Jack entered, he was poring over the tattered pages of an almanac, while a barefooted negro woman moved hither and thither silently upon the hard earthen floor. She wore a loose cotton dress, and a bright red handkerchief was knotted into a turban about her head. A double row of blue glass beads hung around her neck.

As Jack entered, Dennis looked up from under his brows, shading his eyes from the light of the candle.

"Mr. Parker sent me here," said Jack; "he said I was to stay with you."

"Where did you come from?" asked Dennis.

"I have just been brought here from England," answered Jack.

"Oh! Ay, ay—to be sure," said Dennis. "Then it's like ye're to take Tim's place?"

"Yes," said Jack; "that's what Mr. Parker said."

"And I suppose the first thing you want is a bite of supper?" said Dennis.

"Why, yes," said Jack; "I do feel something hungry."

At Dennis's bidding the negro woman set a plate of cold food for Jack, doing so with an air of stolid indifference, as though he had always been an inmate of the house. As Jack ate his meal, Dennis talked to him, asking him all about whence he came and the circumstances of his coming. He showed neither surprise at, nor especial interest in, the fact of Jack's having been kidnapped. "Ay," said he, "they bring a many from England that way nowadays."

"And don't they ever get a chance to get home again?" asked Jack.

Dennis shook his head. "No," said he; "and even when their time's up they grow to like it here and they stay here."

After his supper, Jack sat for a long time on the other side of the fireplace. In the reaction from the continued straining interest of the day he began to feel very tired and homesick. He replied to Dennis dully, and by and by got up and went and stood in the doorway, looking out into the great hollow space of night dusted with its myriad stars. The warm darkness was full of the ceaseless whispering noises of night, broken now and then by the sound of gabbling negro voices. The mocking-birds were singing with intermittent melody from the dark stillness of the distant woods. The oppression seemed to weigh upon Jack's soul like a leaden weight. He felt utterly helpless and alone, and presently he crept back into the hut and to the bench, where he laid himself down. Dennis was still reading his almanac, and presently, before Jack knew it, his eyelids closed upon the figure bending over the table, and he had drifted away into a blessed nothingness of sleep.

In the moment of first awakening Jack did not know where he was. His sleep had been leaden heavy, and in the first few moments

of consciousness he had a feeling that he was back in the old house at Portsmouth. Then he became aware of an all-pervading smell of cooking pork. There was the sound of hissing and sizzling, and some one was moving about the room. He turned his head and saw the negro woman busy preparing breakfast, turning the frying bacon over and over, each time with a loudly renewed hissing and sputtering. Then he remembered where he was. He got up from the low bench where he had been sleeping, and went out into the air and sunlight. The wide sweep of morning was very sweet and cool in contrast to the close, warm interior he had left. Everything appeared singularly fresh and new in the keen yellow light, and he looked around him with a renewed interest at his new surroundings.

The Roost was a great, rambling, frame structure, weather-beaten and gray. There was about it an all-pervading air of dilapidation and neglect. Several of the windows were open, and out of one of them hung a patchwork bed coverlet, moving now and then lazily in the wind. A thin wreath of smoke curled away from one of the chimneys into the blue air. The open space of yard was what he had fancied it the night before, the dusty area almost bare of grass. The huts facing upon it were an indescribable jumble of cabins, some of them built of wood, some of wattled sticks plastered with clay. Dennis's cabin was by far the best of them all.

A lot of negro children had been playing about the huts. They ceased their play and stood staring at Jack as he came to the doorway of the cabin, and it made him feel how strange and new he was to the place. A negro lad of about his own age was standing in the door of a wattled hut at a little distance. He was lean and lanky, with overgrown, spider-like legs and arms. He had a little, round, nut-like head covered with a close felt of wool. He came out from the doorway and stood for a while staring at Jack; then he came up close to him. "Hi, boy!" he said, "what you name?"*

"My name 's Jack Ballister," said Jack. "What 's your name?"

"My name Little Coffee," and the negro boy grinned with a flash of his white teeth.

"Little Coffee! Why, to be sure, that 's a very queer name for any Christian soul to have," said Jack.

The negro boy's grin disappeared into sudden darkness. "Me name no queer," he said, with a sort of childish sullenness. "My name Little Coffee all right. Me fader Big Coffee—me Little Coffee."

"Well," said Jack, "I never heard of anybody named Coffee in all my life before."

"Where you come from?" asked the negro boy.

"I came from England," said Jack.

"Oh, yes! me know," said the negro boy. "All white man come from England."

"No, they don't, either," said Jack. "There 's plenty of white men besides those in England."

"No," said Little Coffee, "all white men come from England. Me Virginia black boy," he added, with some pride.

"What do you mean by that?" said Jack.

"Why," said the negro boy, "me fader and me mudder came from over yan," pointing to the east in the direction in which Africa might be supposed to lie; "me born here," pointing to the cabin, "in dis house; so me be Virginia black boy."

Just then Dennis came to the door. "Hi, boy!" he called. "Come and get your breakfast. The master 'll be awake presently, and then he 'll be a-wantin' you. You had better be in the way when he wants you, if you know what 's good for you."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT HOME IN ENGLAND.

HEZEKIAH TIPTON had been down at the wharf. He was returning with a packet of papers in his hand when, at the street corner, he came face to face with Attorney Burton. "Good morning, Master Tipton," said the little lawyer. "I 've been looking for you everywhere, and am glad to find you at last."

The old man, holding the papers in one

* In the talk of the negroes throughout the narrative, it is intended rather to suggest the dialect of the times than the negro talk of nowadays. It must be borne in mind that a large number of the negro slaves of that time were native Africans who had only just learned English, or were learning it.

hand, looked vacantly at the little lawyer. "Well," said he, "what do you want, Master Burton? I be in a great hurry now, and have very little time to talk."

"In a hurry, eh?" said the little attorney. "Well, maybe you can't do better than to talk to me for a while even if you are in a hurry. Maybe you don't know, Master Tipton, how all the town is talking about your nephew, Jack Ballister, and how he's disappeared all of a sudden. Nobody seems to know aught of him, Master Tipton. I myself had an appointment with him two weeks ago at the Indian Princess Coffee-House, and when I came here I found he was gone and all the town talking about him. Maybe you can tell me something of him, Master Tipton."

The old man shook his head. "No," said he, "I know naught of Jacky."

He moved as though to go, but the little man also moved to place himself in front of him. "Well," said he, "if you can't give me news of your nephew, Jack Ballister, maybe I can give you some news of him. I think I know where he is, Master Hezekiah Tipton, and I think I know where I can find him." He thrust his hand into the inner breast-pocket of his coat, and brought out a packet of papers tied around with a tape. "I have here," said he, "some papers that may give you news of your nephew. Stop a bit, Master Tipton; don't be in such a hurry until you hear what I have to say." Then the old man seemed suddenly to surrender himself to the interview. He let his hands fall at his side and stood listening. "First of all," said the attorney, "I have here an affidavit of Israel Weems, the London crimp. He was the man who was down here with some redemptioners just about the time your nephew vanished. 'T is very important evidence, Master Tipton."

"Hush, Master," said Hezekiah, "don't talk so loud unless you'd have all the street to hear."

"Oh, oh! very well," said the lawyer, "if that's the way you feel about it, why then I won't talk so loud." He felt that he had gained a point. "Just step a little aside here

then. Well, Master Tipton, I'll tell you in brief what I've been able to find out so far as I can. I've found out enough to make me know that your nephew, Jack Ballister, hath been kidnapped and hath been taken away to Yorktown in the Virginias, and these affidavits and papers can prove it beyond a question. Now, Master Tipton, I tell you what 't is: I have a mind to go to the Americas and hunt up Master Jack Ballister."

"Why would you do that?" said Hezekiah.

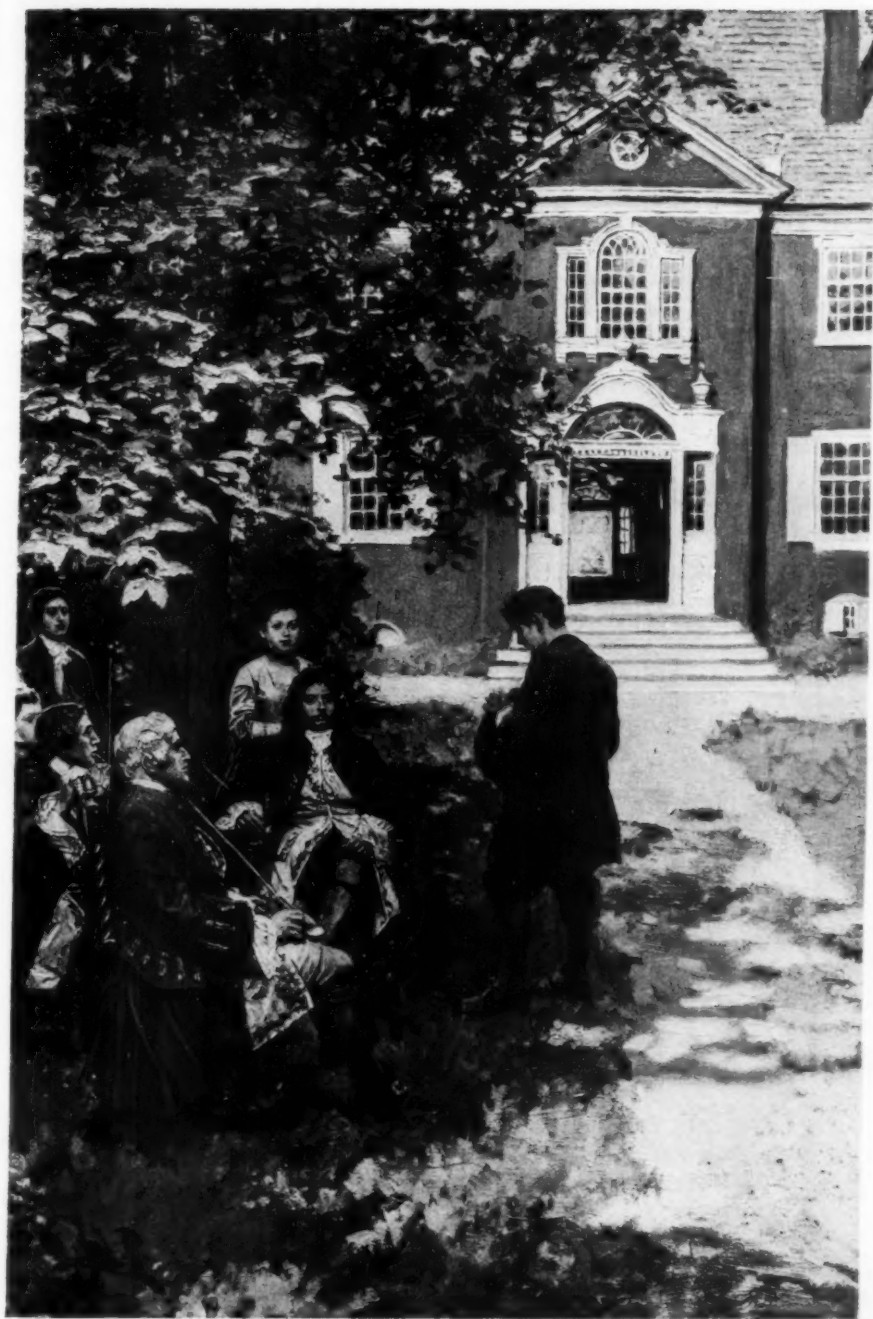
"Because," said the little man, "I have a deal of interest in him. But all the same I won't go to the Virginias if somebody else will take the business up—you, for instance, Master Tipton. Now, I've got a great deal of evidence about your nephew, Jack Ballister. If you'll pay me a hundred pounds, I'll give all this evidence over to you. I'll hand over all these papers to you and go home and say no more about it, and let you follow up the case as you choose. That's what I have to offer, Master Tipton."

Hezekiah seemed to think a little while. He absently fingered the papers he held. "Well, Master Burton," said he, at last rousing himself, "all this is very new and strange to me that you be telling me, and I can't answer you right off about it. To tell you the truth I am in a vast hurry just now about some other business. I must have time to think of this here. Just you bring your papers over to the office—let me see—day arter to-morrow, and then I'll be able to talk to you and tell you what I'll do. So, good day to ye, good day to ye, Master Burton. Day after to-morrow in the art'noon." Then the old man was gone, hurrying away up the street.

"Stop a bit! Stop a bit!" called the little man after him. "What time in the afternoon shall I come?"

But the old man did not seem to hear him as he hurried away. "Well," said the attorney to himself, as he pocketed his papers, "he's a mightily unsatisfactory man to deal with for certain. He's bound to deal with me though, all the same."

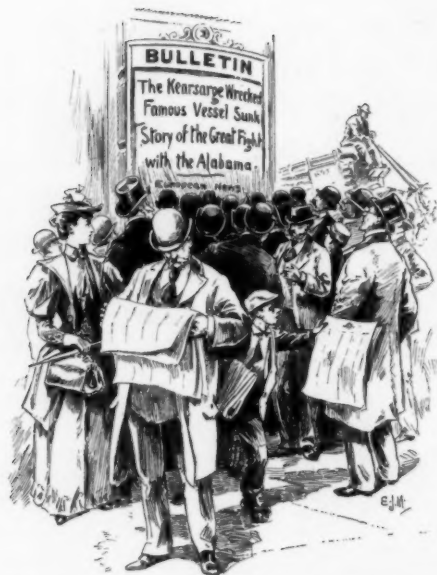
(To be continued.)



"SPEAK UP, BOY,—SPEAK UP," SAID THE GENTLEMAN." (SEE PAGE 803.)

THE LAST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

BY H. GILBERT FROST.



STANDING before the bulletin-boards of any of the newspapers of the country, on a morning in the early days of last February, we should have found ourselves in a group of people eagerly discussing the news. We should have heard exclamations of surprise, sorrow, and regret arising on every side: "What! the old 'Kearsarge' wrecked!" "What a pity to lose the famous old ship!" "Too bad that she should be lost!"—while the older men in the crowds, turning to the younger, were recalling incidents of those stirring times when the "Alabama," built in England for the Confederate States, was for nearly two years the terror of the seas.

During the height of the Civil War, from the Sunday, August 24, 1862, when she was put in commission under the command of Captain Raphael Semmes, near the Azores, to that Sun-

day, June 19, 1864, when she was sunk off the coast of France, the Alabama roamed at will over the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, and Indian oceans. From Newfoundland to Singapore her name was known and spoken with fear. Appearing and disappearing, she captured and looted prizes, pursued and destroyed merchantmen, but eluded all naval pursuit. Escaping every danger, she accomplished more work and did more harm than any other ship of ancient or modern times.

So great, indeed, was the injury done to American commerce, that at length the Government built a ship of good live-oak in the navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and, naming her the Kearsarge, after one of the mountain-peaks of the "Old Granite State," commissioned her, under the command of Captain John A. Winslow, to hunt down this famous "Corsair of the Seas."

The Kearsarge immediately went in search of the Alabama, and found her at last in the harbor of Cherbourg, on the northern coast of France. The Alabama had run in there for coal, and Captain Winslow, having made sure of his famous enemy, awaited her off the coast. Visitors from Paris, and all the country round, flocked to town, as rumors of a coming naval combat filled the air, and the rumors proved not without foundation; for on Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, while thousands of spectators lined the shore, the Alabama, flushed with her past exploits, and confident of success, sailed proudly out to meet the Kearsarge beyond the neutral waters of the bay.

"We, as victors, will continue last night's festivities on shore this evening," said the Alabama's officers to their friends, on taking leave, laughing merrily over the hand-shakings and good-bys. One hour and two minutes from the time the first guns were fired, those very con-

fidest officers were swimming for their lives, and the Alabama, riddled with shot and shell, her hull pierced through and through by the eleven-inch shells from the great after-pivot gun of the Kearsarge, and with many of her crew killed and wounded, had disappeared forever beneath the waves.

"The Alabama sunk!" How the news, when it arrived, flashed over this country, and with what rejoicing it was received in all the loyal States!

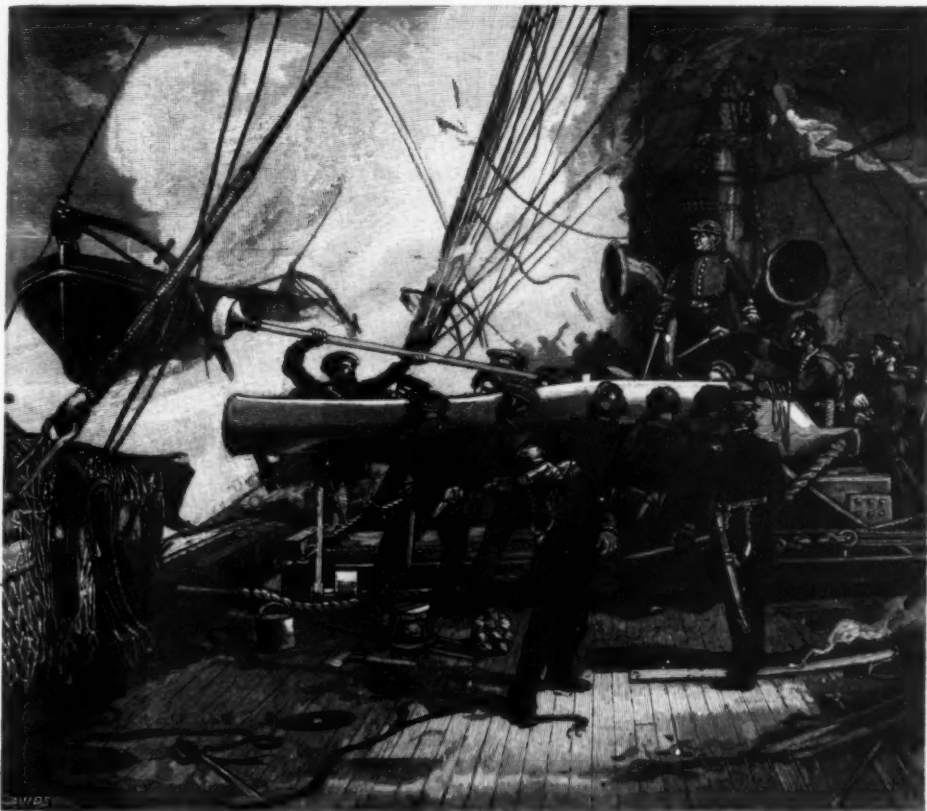
All honor to the Kearsarge, who, without the loss of a single man, had achieved such a glorious victory over the terror of merchantmen and "Scourge of the High Seas"!

Honor, and glory, too, have followed her in all these after years, wherever she has gone; for all the world had learned by heart the story of her gallant and historic fight with the Alabama.

No wonder, then, when in the cold, gray damp of a winter's morning we read of her loss, that in turning away there should come to us a touch of sorrow as we thought of the fate of the brave defender of a nation's honor,—sunk on a hidden reef, abandoned by officers and crew, and left to the mercy of the waters of that far-off Caribbean Sea.

Let us see what had become of the noble vessel.

Prepare now for a sea-voyage. Fancy that, in the middle of the month of March, a few weeks after the news of the disaster had arrived, you were with us on board the steamship "Orion," with Norfolk, Virginia, and Fortress Monroe left behind, standing out between the capes of the Chesapeake, headed for San Salvador. After the American continent faded from



FIRING AN ELEVEN-INCH PIVOT-GUN ON THE "KEARSARGE," IN HER FIGHT WITH THE "ALABAMA."



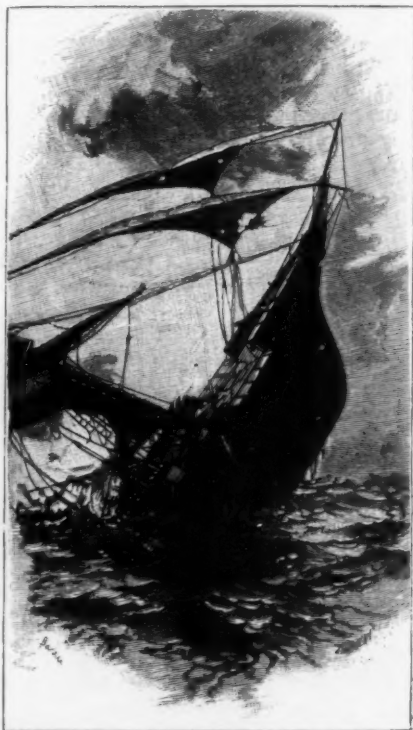
THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA."

view, that first land seen by Columbus was the first land that we sighted.

We were bound for Roncador Reef, where the old Kearsarge went down; for the Government, unwilling to abandon such a faithful servant without an effort in her behalf, sent out our expedition to see whether the ship could not be raised and brought triumphantly to port.

As we left the coast, the weather was cold, the sea was rough, and there was little sleep on board. Now and again in the night you found yourself on all fours, crawling like a cat over the floor of the cabin, having been pitched from an upper bunk. But all were good-natured, and even "Billy, the mess-man," did not complain when dishes left the table, refusing to be penned in by the racks. Suddenly came a great change. How warm it was! We entered the Gulf Stream, and the water turned a beautiful blue. Flying-fish were seen; occasionally one came on board, to the great delight of "Muggins," the cat, favorite of all the crew. We saw whales spouting; they are often found near that great stream of warmer water. The weather became warm and lovely, and in the beautiful moonlight nights the men, gathering in groups on the deck, would spin sailors' yarns and strange adventures from all over the world. At times, too, "Mike" and "Luke," the divers of the expedition, related strange tales of experiences under water; or the chief engineer, who was fond of music, was persuaded to play for an occasional dance.

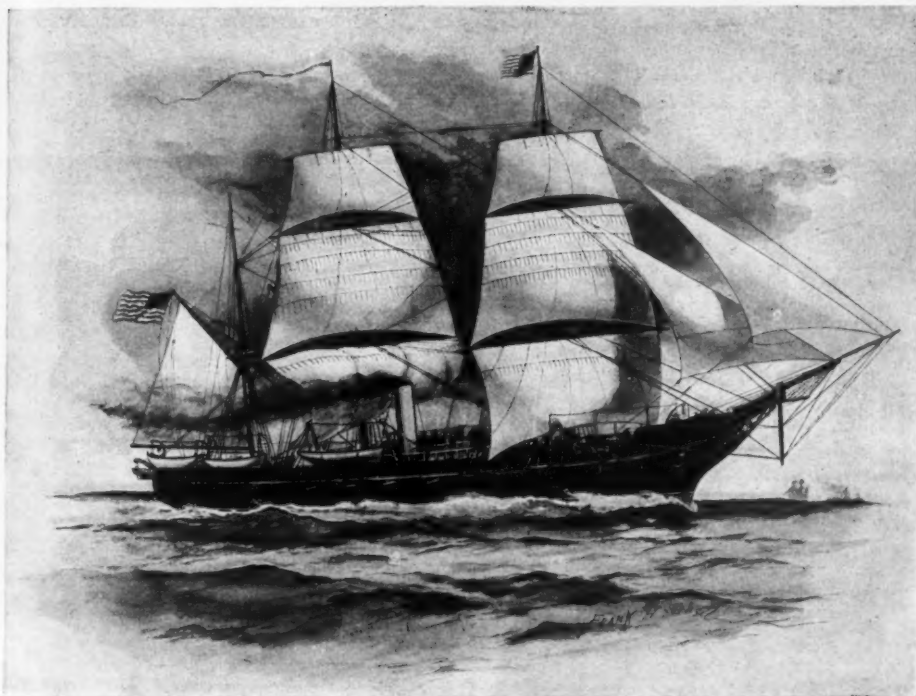
"Do you think we can save her?" was the question all asked the officers—of whom there were on board more than there were brigadiers in Washington during the Civil War. There



THE LAST OF THE "ALABAMA."

were Lieutenant Forse, of the navy, executive officer of the Kearsarge at the time of the wreck; Captain William F. Humphrey, of the company that had made a contract with the Government for saving the old vessel; Captain Smith, commanding the Orion; Captain Burgess, head of the wrecking-crew, with Captain Dean as foreman. All were questioned; nor

From Cape Dame Marie our course was shaped toward Roncador, the interest and excitement increasing day by day as we approached the dangerous reef. After the noon observation on Wednesday, March 21, Captain Smith announced that by eleven o'clock on the morrow we should see the Kearsarge. All were on the lookout the following morning, but



THE "KEARSARGE," AS SHE APPEARED JUST BEFORE SHE WAS WRECKED.

did the landmen spare even "Martin," the life of the forecastle, or "Frank," the greatest wit of the crew.

We made San Salvador on the third morning out, sighting a few small hillocks that rose from the island. Other islands and lights were passed, and on the following day we sailed along between the beautiful western coast of Hayti and the eastern end of Cuba. The mountain-chains rise precipitately out of the water, with here and there a lonely peak towering into the clouds. Some of us who were familiar with the Eastern Seas compared the coast of Hayti to that of China.

by eleven o'clock, as there were no signs of the Kearsarge, the engines were stopped until the noon observation should determine the position of the ship. Then it was found that a current had taken us out of our course, and that we were some miles due south of the reef. Then we steamed north, while every eye swept the horizon. Some of the men climbed to the masthead, others clung to the shrouds. We were beginning to fear that we had again gone astray, when a shout from above, and then another, and another, proclaimed "Breakers on the starboard bow!"

The excitement became intense. "I see a

vessel!" cried a man from the masthead. "Two—three—a whole fleet!"

"Pirates!" exclaimed one captain.

"Robbers!" added another.

"We 'll clear them out," Captain Smith declared.

"Can you see the Kearsarge?" we asked.

"Yes; there she lies over to the leeward of the breakers; one mast in her. No! no! that's a small ship and no wreck. I can't see any signs of her. Yes! yes! there she lies off yonder! No! That's not the Kearsarge."

Thus the uncertainty continued, but in the

no signs of the Kearsarge. "She's gone!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The vessels we had seen turned out to be four small schooners and a sloop, ostensibly fishermen; and toward them we made our way, dropping our anchor about five o'clock in the afternoon. The breakers, rolling in a mile and a half away, kept up a continuous roar, so that we understood why the Spanish should have named the reef "Roncador," or "The Snorer."

After we had anchored, a dark mass in the surf was seen. It was the only possible object



BIRDS ON RONCADOR REEF. (SEE PAGE 817.)

mean time we had caught the gleam of the surf from the deck below, and before long the whole sweep of the breakers coming into view offered a most magnificent spectacle.

There was the boundless ocean, with the waves sweeping in until suddenly, in a line, more than ten miles long, they were dashed into glittering spray with a roar that sounded like distant thunder. The color of the water, moreover, was beyond description. It had in places the intense blue of the deep seas, with the glow of the deepest sapphires, and over the nearest shoals there was the sheen of the celestial blues, such as are seen in Canton crêpes.

We approached nearer and nearer; but found

that could be the Kearsarge. The scoundrels had burned her! No one had been willing to admit the truth, though it had grown more evident the nearer we approached.

The Kearsarge was gone! Men looked at one another and sadly shook their heads. Thus vanished all hope of seeing the old ship afloat once more, and brought safe home. The Kearsarge had won her last battle, breasted her last storm, sailed her last voyage. Henceforth she belonged to history.

Captain Burgess, in the surf-boat, went at once to explore; but before his return the dug-outs of the fishermen pulled alongside and the men came on board.

From them we learned that the Kearsarge

had indeed been burned. What was left was made up of the boilers and stem, rising above the surf, together with one or two pieces of the side, washed farther up upon the reef. One of these pieces was even then burning, and as night came on the glow of the fire could be seen above the waves. Who had destroyed her no one knew. The exploring party returned at dark with precisely the same story to tell. The Kearsarge had evidently been looted, then burned to the water's edge, and the storms of the previous week had entirely broken her up. Have

you seen in the markets the big red fish called red snapper—a fish like huge goldfish, but weighing a great many pounds? There the

waters seemed full of them, and that evening, anchored off Roncador, under the light of the Southern Cross and gleaming Canopus,



ADMIRAL STANTON'S HEADQUARTERS. ONE OF THE THATCHED HUTS BUILT ON RONCADOR REEF.



FIRST PIECE OF THE WRECK—"A LARGE PART OF THE PORT SIDE, LYING IN THE WATER."

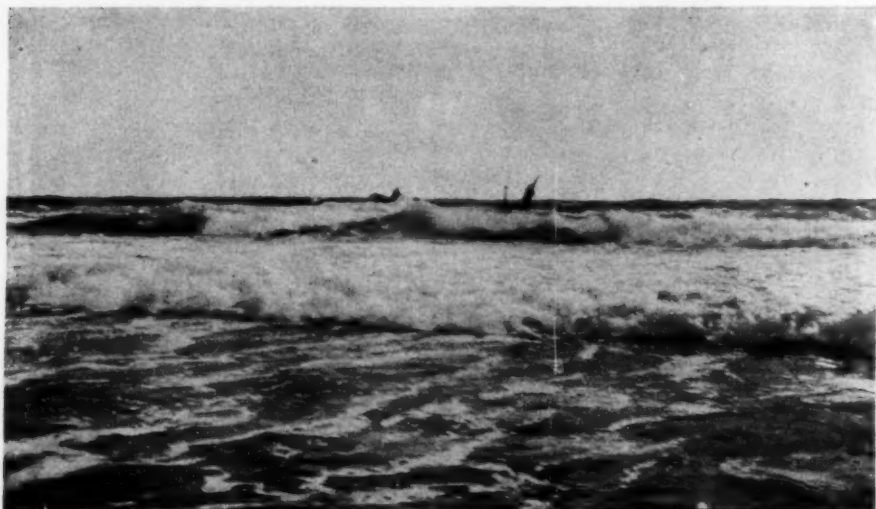


ANOTHER PORTION OF THE WRECK.

we amused ourselves pulling them in, though things were very quiet on board that night, the real purpose of the expedition having failed.

Bright and early in the morning the boats were lowered and manned, and all hands, officers and crew, started for the wreck. After a pull of more than a mile, the water shoaling to within two or three feet, we left the boat, and, wading up to our knees,—caught now and then by a big wave that gave us a tumble in the

surf,—we reached the first piece of the wreck, a large part of the port side, lying in the water, washed by the waves. Several hundred feet farther on an even larger section of the same side was out of the water, while just beyond, in the very heart of the breakers, very much in the position in which she must have struck, stood the stem of the Kearsarge, charred and blackened—this, with the boilers, being all that could be seen.



THE LAST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

Gathering then on the bigger piece of wreck, and being joined by the natives, fishermen and wreckers,—pirates, if you like,—the photograph was taken, and then, as the lieutenant was anxious to procure some of the old live-oak timber, dynamite cartridges were inserted here and there, and a blasting began that continued throughout the day.

While this was going on, some of us paid a visit to the key, or island; for the reef extending for ten miles is all below water save at the northwest end, where, for some thirty or forty acres, it rises seven or eight feet above the level of the sea. As we approach its shore not a green thing is seen save a sort of seaweed, or hardy moss, out of which the birds, pulling a few pieces together, make their nests—nothing else but great lumps of train-coral and stretches of sand.

Admiral Stanton's headquarters and those of the other officers were still standing, for it was on that bit of sand, just out of the water, that they and the crew of the Kearsarge lived for over a week. As we looked at the sand, it seemed fairly to move on account of the myriads of crabs! Swarms of fish darted about in the shallower waters, while turtles were seen in great numbers on shore. The things, however, of greatest interest were the thousands of birds—a large web-footed species called boobies.

It was the hatching-time, and as we walked among them they did not try to fly away, but pecked at us savagely with large sharp bills if we came too near, flapping their wings and giving a vicious scream. The older birds are black, with white breasts, and are ugly, but the young are pure white—like great big balls of snow. We picked up a few relics scattered here and there on the sand—a dinner-bell, an old bayonet, some brass buttons on a tattered coat, a few bits of timber—these were all.

That afternoon, about five o'clock, Lieutenant Forse having secured several tons of timber as relics for the Government, orders were given to return to the Orion. Anchor was weighed, and as the sun was setting we steamed away, with the glorious waters more beautiful than ever before, in all their thousand changing tints! The air was filled with birds returning with food for their young, hovering like a great black cloud over the little patch of sand. The schooners danced in the wake of our bigger vessel as the propeller churned the waters into foam, while the men in the dugouts waved a last good-by. Fainter and fainter grew the roar of the breakers as we moved away, and our last vision of Roncador was that line of sparkling breakers, flashing like a silvery sickle on the rim of the ocean, over against the evening sky.

"CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON."

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

ON the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, the American Declaration of Independence had been adopted, and the delegates were in the act of signing their names to it. No doubt it was not without hesitation and some misgivings that our patriot forefathers came to their great resolve that day in Philadelphia, knowing, as they did, the grave import of what they were doing. One man signed his name, "Charles Carroll." Thereupon his associates began to whisper among themselves. Should the new confederacy be crushed by the mother country, punishment would surely fall upon the framers

of this rebellious declaration. But it happened that there were a number of Charles Carrolls living in America at that time. So this Charles Carroll had a chance of escape, which none of his colleagues could look for. Presently the murmur reached the ears of the signer himself. Instantly turning back to the table, he picked up the pen again, and completed his signature in a way that left no doubt as to which Charles Carroll was accountable. And this is the honorable reason why that one signature, well remembered by all Americans, stands out, different from the rest: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton."



OLD COLONEL CAMERA.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

There was nobody in that devoted city
Whom Mrs. O'Flaherty had not scorned;
For she was a cook with a deep conviction
That her profession she well adorned:
But when she saw how she was taken,
She sat her down, and she wept and
mourned.

The valiant few who resisted boldly,
As a matter of course were taken first;
And the non-committal, who looked on
coldly,
As they deserved, were taken worst.

"WHAT 's all this fuss about?—
This frantic rushing up and down?"
"Oh, have n't you heard the news, my dear?
Everybody is wild with fear,
For old Colonel Camera
Has come to take the town."

Not one escaped from the doughty colonel;
He nobody spared, or great or small.
Their flights and struggles were worse than
useless,
For at last they were taken, one and all.

Right and left the people were running;
You could hear the fat ones pant and strive;
And a bride and groom were shouting madly,
"We 'll never, never be taken alive!"

So, if you should meet this conquering hero,
Don't try to hide, or to run, or fight,
But assume your very best expression,
And put yourself in a pleasing light.

"Old Colonel Camera advancing to take the Town.."





Said a man unused to babies,

As minding one he sat,

"It's plain to see that he's

going to be

A wonderful acrobat!"



A VISIT TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

"Now," said Uncle Jack, after he had firmly secured his Edison electric flying-machine to the ice with ice-anchors, "I'll just take a few readings with my instruments, and then I fancy that we'll know the exact location of the North Pole, for it cannot be more than a few feet away. In the mean time, Bob and Harry, help the girls out of the car." The two boys helped their cousins, Ethel and Laura, out of the wonderful machine in which they had started from their home in America only the previous morning for a short visit to the North Pole.

"I do believe if I were only on the horizon," cried Ethel, "I could reach up and touch the sun."

"It does look as though you could," answered Bob,— "more so than it does at sunset at home."

"Light plays all sorts of queer tricks in this

latitude," said Uncle Jack; "but light is not the only queer thing about 90° north, as I will show you in a few minutes. Ah, here we are. Now, boys and girls, the lower extremity of this plummet just touches the actual physical end of the North Pole. I'll just make a cross on the ice to locate the exact spot, and then you can take turns standing on the top of the North Pole of the earth."

After the mark had been made, the two boys and two girls took turns at standing on the spot, and each declared laughingly that it made him or her feel dizzy.

"It ought not to," said Uncle Jack; "for this spot and the corresponding one at the South Pole have simpler motions than any other places on the earth's surface. Every other has a circular motion around the diameter of which this is one end, as you know, and the angular

velocity of some points is very great indeed; it becomes greater as you near the equator. This point has but a motion around the sun. All other places have a combined motion—a motion around the sun added to a motion around the axis. This point merely traces an ellipse in space as it flies around the sun. The others generate spirals. Now, Harry, as you are still standing on the Pole, please tell me what time it is?"

Harry pulled out his watch, and looking at it, told his uncle that it was half-past one o'clock.

"In New York, you mean," said his uncle; "and it is here, too, for that matter. But so is it any other time. It is half-past ten o'clock, or three o'clock, or any other time in the twenty-four hours that you wish it, and to-day may even be to-morrow or yesterday."

"Now you're joking, Uncle Jack," exclaimed Ethel.

"Not at all," Uncle Jack replied. "Time in reality merely measures the distance between different meridians. Each meridian has its own time: all the meridians meet at this spot, so any instant here is any particular time that you wish to call it within the limit of twenty-four hours."

"I should think that would be very convenient for people who are inclined to procrastinate," said Harry.

"And very inconvenient for ladies who send out invitations to dinner at a certain time," added Ethel.

"You see, time is really identical with eternity here," continued Uncle Jack. "Go a fractional part of an inch away from the Pole, and time has a value. You, Harry and Bob, shake hands over the spot I have marked. Now, it may be midnight where Harry is and high noon where Bob is, and yet they are shaking hands with each other. At any rate, there is twelve hours' difference in the time of their respective localities. Now, Ethel, stand

over the cross-mark, and hold out your arms so that they will point in opposite directions. Now, which way do you face?"

"South," Ethel answered.

"And which way does your right hand point?"

"Why, it points south, too," said Ethel, after a moment's reflection. "I was trying to determine whether it pointed east or west."

"And your left hand?"

"South also."

"And what is at your back?"

"The south."

"That's right. Now, suppose you were to walk in any direction?"

"I'd walk due south no matter which way I went."

"We have all sorts of wind at home. What kinds of wind do they have here, Bob?"

"They're all south winds, sir; and they're pretty cold for south winds, too."

"Yes, and all currents of water flow to the south. How would the compass point here, Harry?"

"Both ends would point south, sir."

"Now we have an infinite variety of longitude here. What latitude have we, Laura?"

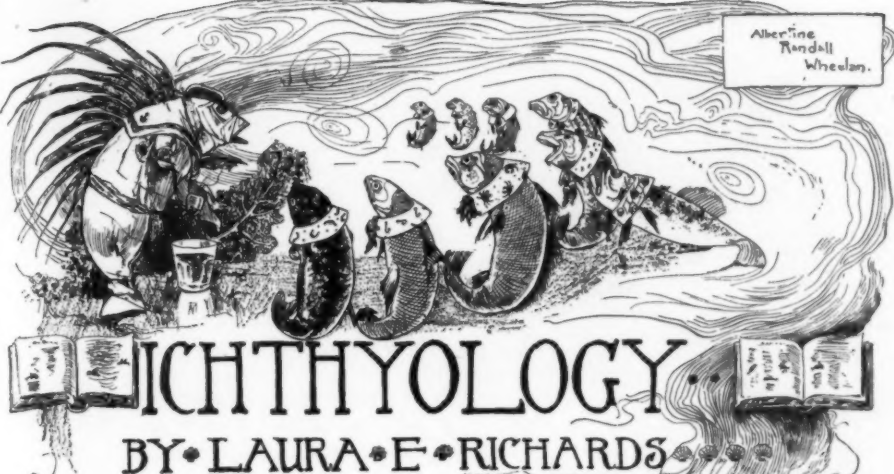
"Ninety degrees, north."

"Yes, and it's the only place in the world that has that latitude, although ordinary latitudes are common to a great many places. Now, where is the north star?"

"It must be directly above us, sir."

"Yes, almost but not quite at the zenith, for the Pole does not point exactly to it. It would n't be much of a guide to the escaping slave in these latitudes, would it? Now, boys and girls, cut out a chunk of ice to take away as a souvenir, plant your American flag in the hole, and we'll start for home, for I promised to have you back in time for supper to-morrow evening, and I don't want your mothers and fathers to worry about you."

Albertine
Randall
Wheeler.



, JOHN DORY, tell the story of the night
When the Pinna gave a dinner to the Trout.
It was surely (yet not purely) a delight,
Though attended—ay, and
ended—with a rout.

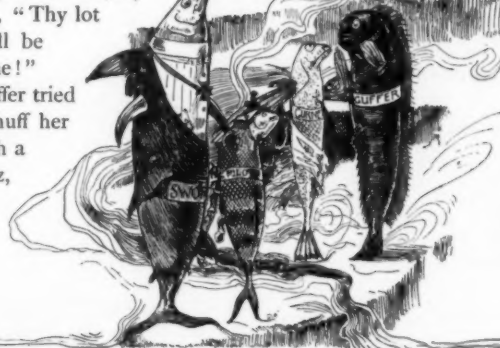
But every fish-un of condition sure was there,
From the Cuttle down to little Tommy Sprat;
From the Urchin who was perchin' on the
stair,
To the Tunny in his funny beaver
hat.

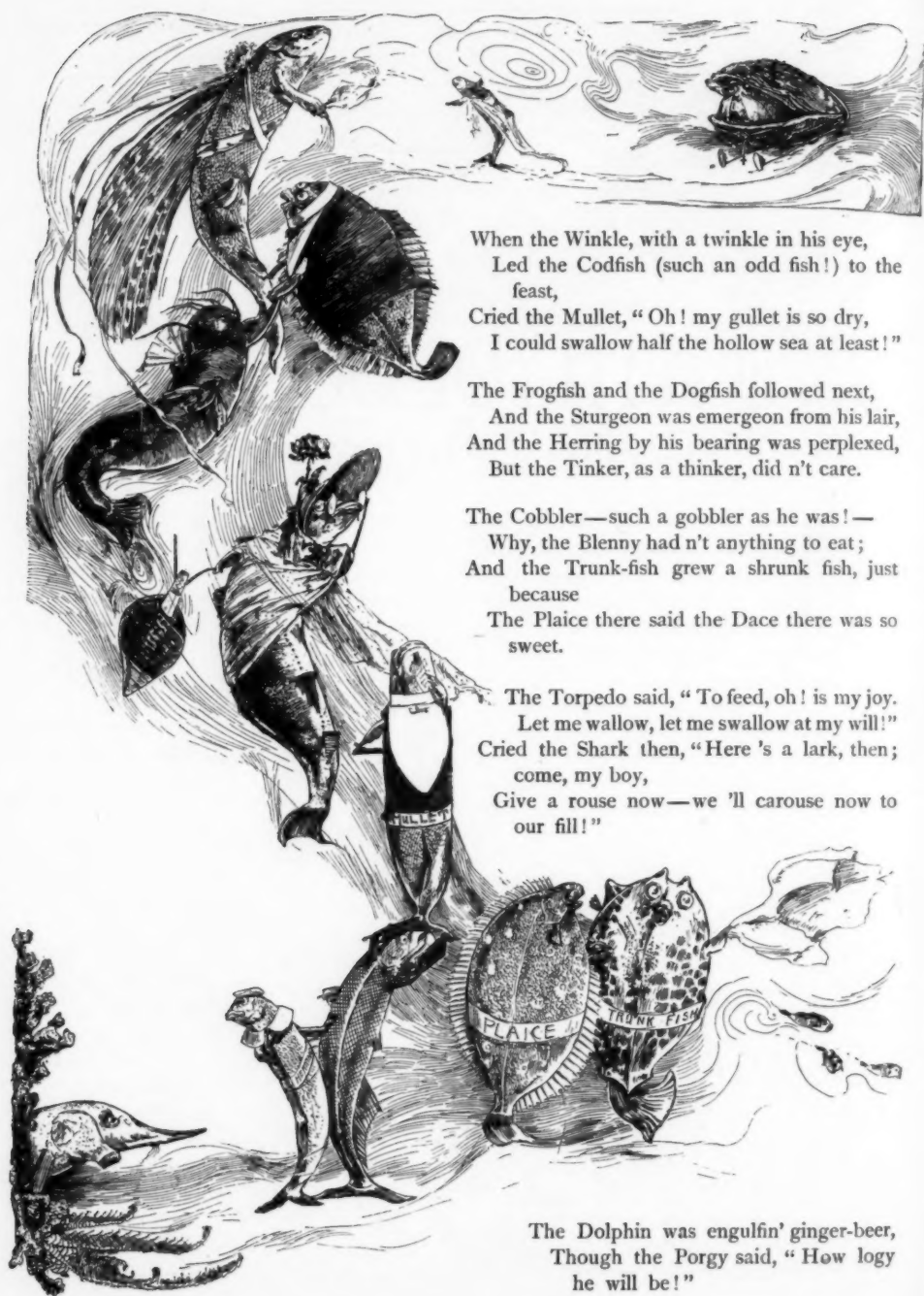
The Swordfish, like the lord
fish that he is,
Brought the Pilot, say-
ing, "Thy lot
shall be
mine!"
The Guffer tried
to huff her
with a
quiz,



But the Gurnet look-
ed so stern, it made
him whine.

The Grayling was a-sailing
through the dance,
And the Oyster from his
cloister had come out,
And the Minnow with her fin oh!
did advance,
And the Flounder capered
round her with the Pout.





When the Winkle, with a twinkle in his eye,
Led the Codfish (such an odd fish!) to the
feast,
Cried the Mullet, "Oh! my gullet is so dry,
I could swallow half the hollow sea at least!"

The Frogfish and the Dogfish followed next,
And the Sturgeon was emergeon from his lair,
And the Herring by his bearing was perplexed,
But the Tinker, as a thinker, did n't care.

The Cobbler—such a gobbler as he was! —
Why, the Blenny had n't anything to eat;
And the Trunk-fish grew a shrunk fish, just
because

The Plaipe there said the Dace there was so
sweet.

The Torpedo said, "To feed, oh! is my joy.
Let me wallow, let me swallow at my will!"
Cried the Shark then, "Here 's a lark, then;
come, my boy,
Give a rouse now—we 'll carouse now to
our fill!"

The Dolphin was engulfin' ginger-beer,
Though the Porgy said, "How logy
he will be!"



And the Scallop gave a wallop as they handed him a
collop,
And the Sculpin was a-gulpin' of his tea—deary me!
How that Sculpin *was* a-gulpin' of his tea!

I, John Dory, to my glory be it said,
Took no part in such cavortin' as above:
With the Sunfish (ah, the *one* fish!) calm I fed,
And, grown bolder, softly told her of my love.

But the Conger cried, "No longer shall this be!"
And the Trout now said, "No doubt now it
must end."

Said the Tench then from his bench then,
"Count on me!"

And the Salmon cried, "I am on hand, my
friend!"

Then we cut on to each glutton as he swam,
And we hit them, and we bit them in the tail;
And the Lamprey struck the damp prey with a Clam,
And the Goby made the foe be very pale;

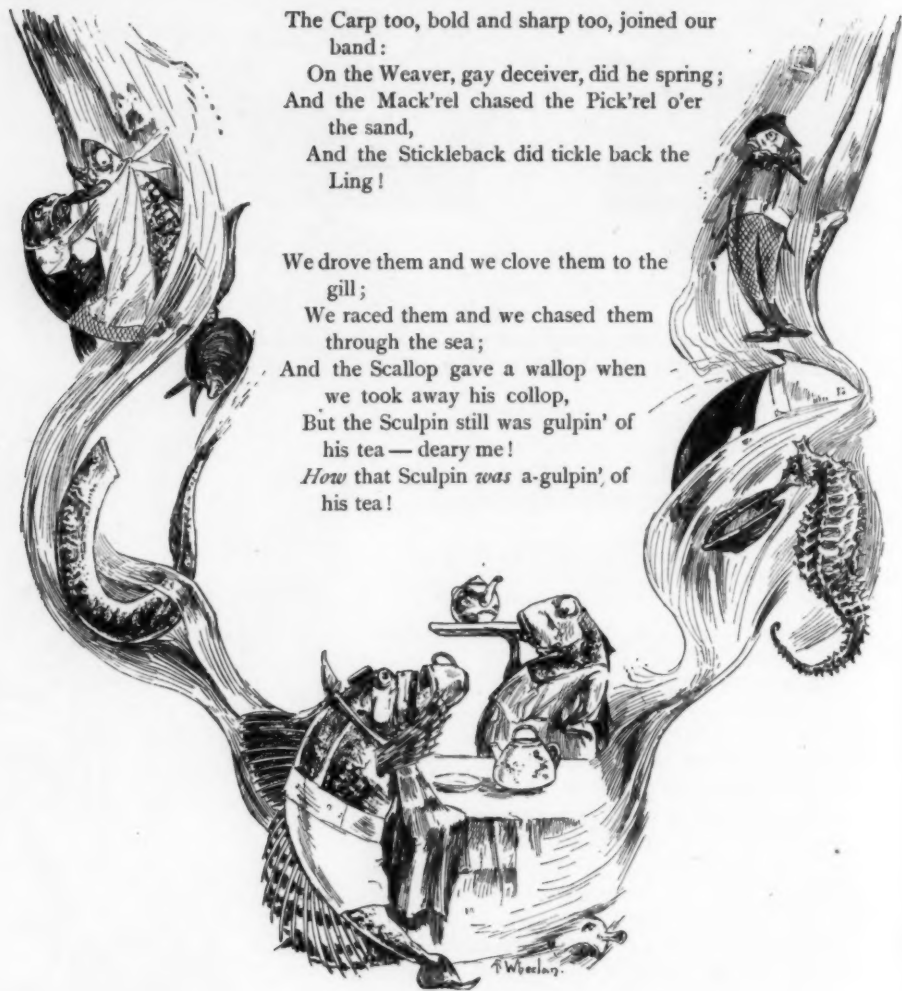
The Gudgeon, not begrudgeon of his force,
Hit the Cunner quite a stunner on the head!
And the Mussel had a tussle with the Horse,
And the Whiting kept a-fighting till they fled.



A RHYME ABOUT THE FISHES.

The Carp too, bold and sharp too, joined our band:
 On the Weaver, gay deceiver, did he spring;
 And the Mack'rel chased the Pick'rel o'er
 the sand,
 And the Stickleback did tickle back the
 Ling!

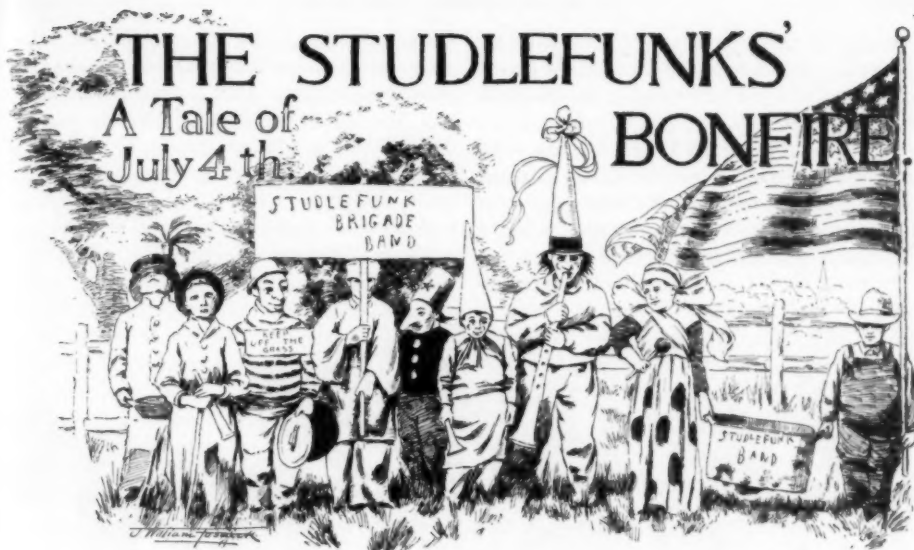
We drove them and we clove them to the
 gill;
 We raced them and we chased them
 through the sea;
 And the Scallop gave a wallop when
 we took away his collop,
 But the Sculpin still was gulpin' of
 his tea — deary me!
How that Sculpin was a-gulpin' of
his tea!



JULY THE FOURTH.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

I DON'T see why the people call
 This Independence Day, at all.
 "I would n't do that if I were you,"
 Is all I 've heard the whole day through.



BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

It was the third of July, and sundown. Harry Barton sat upon the front stoop, anxiously waiting for his supper.

He was anxious to be off to the village, where his friends were preparing for the Fourth.

It was to be a memorable Fourth for him, as he had been elected captain of the "Studlefunk Cadets," who were to have a mock parade the next morning, at six o'clock.

Money had been collected and a prize offered to the most grotesque costume in the procession.

Now Harry, like most New England farm boys, was poor, and, with a determination to win the prize of ten dollars, he had ransacked the attic for queer old hats and long-tailed coats. All alone, in the musty old attic, by the light of a candle, he had gone through a dress rehearsal the night before. As he put on the finishing touches, with burnt cork and red paint, he had exploded with laughter; for the old coat, which was well stuffed out with pillows, burst down the back, and buttons flew off in all directions. Yes; so sure was he of winning the prize, that he could almost feel the ten silver dollars in his trousers pocket.

"If Joe were only here," he murmured, "how he would have helped me!" But Joe, the farm-

hand who had been Harry's playfellow, had been long absent from the neighborhood.

Whenever Harry had wanted a boat rigged, a popgun made, or a rabbit-trap mended, Joe had always cheerfully done the work. One day (the boy's mother will never forget it) Harry wandered down to the river-bank, and, trying to capture a turtle with a speckled back, he lost his balance and fell into the swift current. Joe was plowing in a field not far away, and arrived in time to save the boy's life. This was the principal reason why Harry loved Joe. But Joe, like so many New England farm lads, had an attack of "western fever." He drew all his savings from the bank and left for Texas.

Harry was just thinking that it was three years ago that very third of July since he and Joe had tearfully parted, when he saw a ragged, slouching figure coming slowly up the lane.

"Another tramp," thought he, as he glanced at the weather-worn coat fluttering in the breeze, the battered hat, and the broken shoes.

As the man approached the stoop, with the old hat drawn well down over his eyes, Harry rose and shook his head, as if to say, "Nothing for you." But the tramp walked straight up to Harry and, uncovering his bronzed face,

held out his hand. Joe? Surely this weather-beaten face could not be that of his old friend. Yet it was, and Joe had a dismal tale to tell of his wanderings.

He had not succeeded well in that western country, and, having lost all his savings, had tramped his way back to Tinborough after three years of fruitless wanderings. "Could not Harry help his old friend?"

down the lane, where he managed to bring some supper. Joe ate more like a famished beast than a man. After he was refreshed he told Harry that he would gladly try for the ten-dollar prize, which, naturally, seemed a fortune to him. The following morning two ridiculously clad figures with masked faces stole away from the farm in the direction of Tinborough.

They went most of the way "cross lots,"



"THE OLD DEACON CAST A FRIGHTENED GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND SCRAMBLED INTO HIS BUGGY."

Tears were in Harry's eyes when the "tramp" finished his story, and the boy began to think how he might help Joe. Suddenly he jumped up and slapped his shabby companion so hard on the back as nearly to knock him over. He had a bright idea: Joe must win the ten-dollar prize to-morrow! He was almost grotesque enough to win it just as he stood.

Now Harry feared that his father might not be cordial even to Joe, at least not until he looked more respectable; for Farmer Barton classed all wanderers as worthless ne'er-do-wells, and he would not have them about the place.

So Harry took Joe to an old corn-house

so as not to be seen until the grand procession started; but, in passing through Widow Bennett's barn-yard, they unexpectedly encountered the good woman at her milking. She took one look at them, and that was enough. Away went milk and stool, while the widow and cow vied with each other in trying to escape around the corner of the barn. No harm was done, and when their fits of laughter became less frequent, and they had recovered breath, the two oddities went on to the village; but in crossing the village green they had another adventure.

Before his door stood Deacon Barnes's old horse and buggy. The old gentleman was starting off bright and early to bring his daughter from a neighboring village, so that she might witness the procession.

The deacon called this lame, bony old horse "Gunpowder"; but the boys of the village had of their own accord named him "Cold Molasses," because they had found that that was the slowest-moving thing in the world.

The old deacon cast but one frightened

glance over his shoulder, and then scrambled into his buggy. There was a grand clatter and crash, and old Gunpowder went tearing down the street, his legs swinging with the awkwardness of a rickety windmill. Nightcapped heads were thrust forth, and had the good people seen Deacon Barnes flying through the air, they would not have been more astonished.

The boys hurried away to an empty barn which had been agreed upon as the meeting-place for the Cadets. Upon entering through a side door, they found themselves in what seemed a hobgoblin world. A shout went up from fifty terrible-looking creatures, who proved to be the "Studlefunk Cadets."

Bits of broken looking-glass had been nailed to doors and walls, and in the dim light these uncanny fellows were putting on finishing-touches, all the while performing elfish pranks. In the center of the floor was a tip-cart, and while some boys were dressing the horse in blue overalls, others had put a log of wood in the cart and were painting it black to look like a cannon. This was the Studlefunk Artillery.

Here Harry and Joe came across an old "Rip Van Winkle," who peered at them through his long hair and beard of hemp rope, and said in a shaky voice, "Are you anudder brudder?" A drum-major was superb with his immense fur cap made out of a huge moth-eaten muff which his grandmother had carried when a bride, nearly fifty years before. His baton was a broomstick topped by a brass ball.

The Studlefunk Band was rehearsing in the hay-loft. Their music was certainly in keeping with their appearance. A more outlandish company could not be imagined. The tallest member wore an immense fool's cap and blew a terrible blast on a huge fish-horn.

The boys were all chattering together, and when Harry went among them, he was told in strictest confidence that Tinborough would long remember this Fourth. He also heard allusions to a "big bonfire."

In spite of his questioning, it was not until afterward that Harry learned the secret. In the outskirts of the town, in a field next to the Agricultural Grounds, where the races would take place, stood the old and abandoned shell of a farm-house. One of the most reckless of the boys had planned in strictest secrecy to make a huge bonfire of this ancient pile.

In the neighboring woods a tar-barrel and shavings soaked in oil had been hidden; and when the dance at the Fair Grounds was at its height, he meant to "show the crowd the biggest Fourth of July blaze ever seen in the county"!

At last the Studlefunks were ready; the doors were thrown wide open, and the Cadets marched forth into the early morning sunlight, where they looked even stranger than before. They had the place of honor in the parade that wended its way to the Fair Grounds.

The selectmen were to view the procession from the grand stand, and about them were



THE STUDLEFUNK ARTILLERY.

grouped all the pride and beauty of the village. Every girl hoped that her own brother would win the prize.

The Widow Bennett was there, looking none the worse for her morning adventure; and, not far away, Deacon Barnes and his rosy-cheeked daughter sat in the old buggy, which, although more shaky than ever, still hung together.

But old Gunpowder—alas! he had run his last and only race. He stood—yes, *just stood*, that is all—with lowered head and drooping

ears, and though the Studlefunk Brigade Band played their loudest beneath his very nose, he did not so much as look at them.

A wonderful procession it proved, outlandish and comical. As it moved around the race-track it looked like a huge many-colored serpent, and the din it made was heard at Middleborough Corners, four miles away.

Every boy played his best and loudest, and, when it drew near the grand stand, the girls all put their fingers in their ears. As they passed the judge's stand each cadet did his best to excel all others, not only by his ridiculous attire, but by antics of every description.

At last the anxious moment arrived. The Cadets were drawn up in line, and although every girl exclaimed, "Oh, I *know* my brother will win!" some of them noticed that the judge was watching the remarkable tumblings of a stranger who wore an ancient yellow beaver of great size profusely decorated with feathers from an old duster. His coat was very long in the tails and had huge brass buttons. He wore knee-breeches, and shoes with great silver buckles.

First of all he put his hat on the ground and turned "cart-wheels" all around it. Then he picked it up with his teeth and cleverly tossed it on his head, while keeping his hands in his pockets.

Several girls all but cried with vexation, while Harry Barton was overjoyed, when the judge rose with ten glittering silver dollars in his hand, and said to the disguised stranger:

"Please step forward and give your name. You have won the prize."

To the surprise of all, the winner raised his great beaver hat, disclosing a rough head of unkempt hair, and, making a low bow, said:

"I am Joe, just simply Joe, as once did chores for Farmer Barton; that 's all, your honor."

A great shout went up as Joe received his money. Then he and Harry made their way to the refreshment-tent, where Joe had a feast such as he had not enjoyed for many a long day.

In the afternoon there were bicycle-races, horse-races—in fact, every imaginable kind of race—which Harry longed to see, but Joe, weary and footsore with long weeks of tramping, and made sleepy by his unusual feast, preferred to take a nap in some shady place.

Harry saw him limp away through the crowd, but soon forgot all about Joe in watch-



THE "BONFIRE."

ing the exciting races, and in the noise and animation of the scene.

In the evening the Tinborough Brass Band played on a stand erected in the center of a wooden floor laid expressly for the dancers. A big crowd of mothers, aunts, and lookers-on stood about the edges.

Kerosene lamps and a few Japanese lanterns were hung about, dimly lighting the scene.

Suddenly, when every one was gayest, a reddish glow lighted up the faces of the dancers, and the cry of "Fire!" was raised. Yes, sure enough, the old farm-house was ablaze! The

flames were curling in and out of the paneless windows of the lower floors.

Harry hurried to the fire with the rest. He found the Studlefunk Cadets lurking about the edges, trying hard to look as if they knew nothing about it. If any one had told the boy who set the fire that he had committed a criminal act he would have been astonished, but such was the case. Soon the whole lower portion of the old tinder-box was a sheet of flame, and the crowd was cheering lustily at this magnificent bonfire. But suddenly their faces blanched, for above the roar of the flames they heard an agonizing cry, "Help! Help!"

And then in an upper window they beheld the figure of a man outlined against the flame.

Harry looked for but an instant. He knew as soon as he heard the voice that it was Joe, and he felt a cold shiver run down his back, while his legs almost gave way under him.

Harry showed wonderful presence of mind that night. Quick as thought, he seized an ax which had been used in building the dancing-platform, and calling the Cadets to follow, ran as fast as his trembling legs could carry him in the direction of the big flag-pole that stood in the center of the Fair Grounds.

The flames were closing in about the little window in the peak of the roof. The crowd yelled, "Don't jump; a ladder is coming!" But, indeed, Joe was afraid to jump.

Alas! before the ladder could come, it would be too late. A groan went up from the crowd. Joe crawled out and hung from the sill, to hold on as long as he could.

He closed his eyes in terror, and was just about to let go when he heard a yell from the boys. Something touched his foot. Then it came up to him.

He looked over his shoulder and beheld a gold ball on the end of a long pole, while below and flapping madly in the hot air were the Stars and Stripes!

He needed not to be told what to do. In an instant he was astride the pole, and in another instant he shot down into the arms of Harry and the boys.

They learned that in

searching for a quiet place where he might take his nap, Joe had, quite by accident, chosen the deserted house.

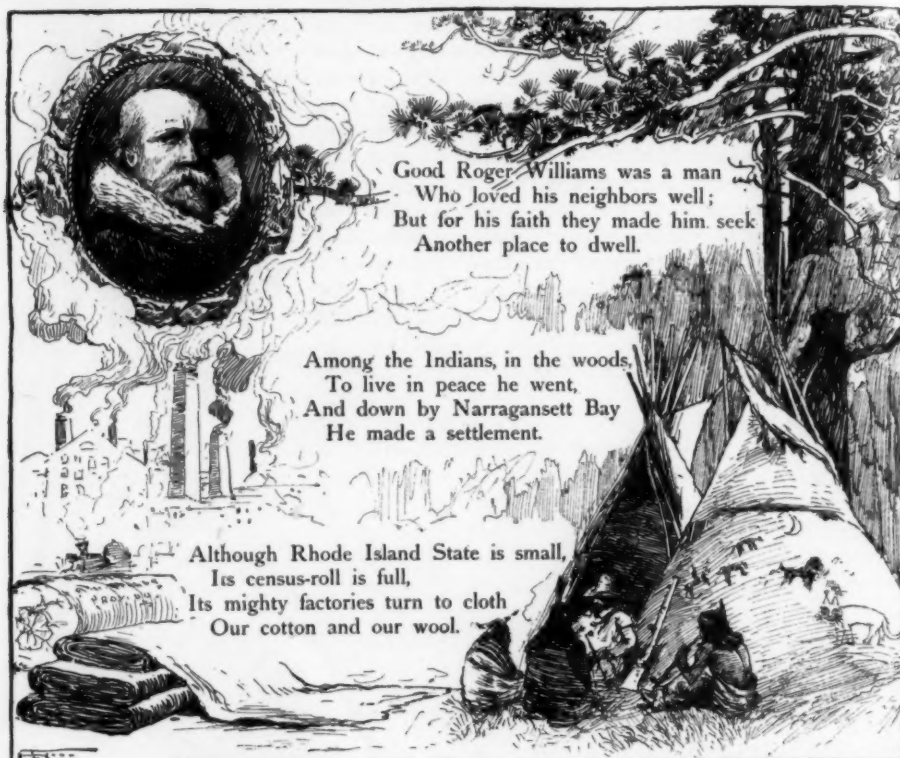
In the years that followed, Harry never regretted his kindness to Joe. When Mr. Barton died, not long afterward, and Joe, having been steadily at work until that time, became Harry's right-hand man, we may be sure he did his work well, for the Barton farm was famous as the richest farm in Worcester County.



THE RESCUE OF JOE.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

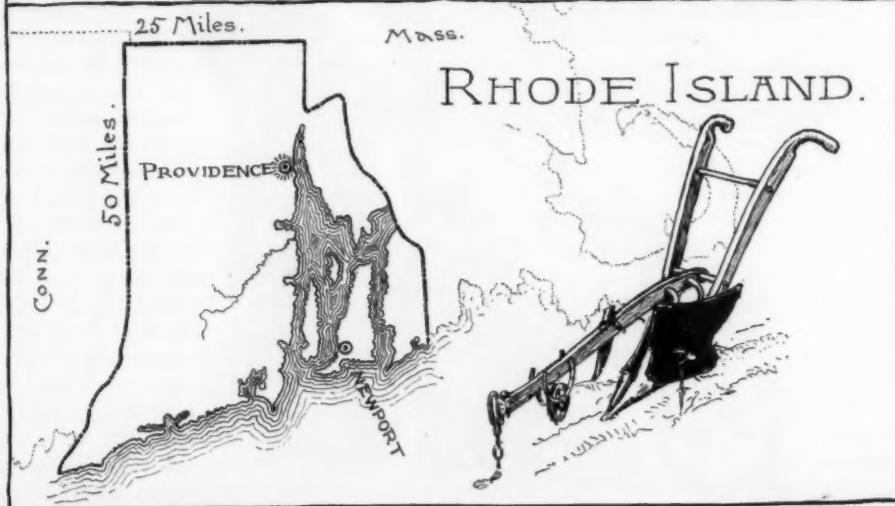
BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



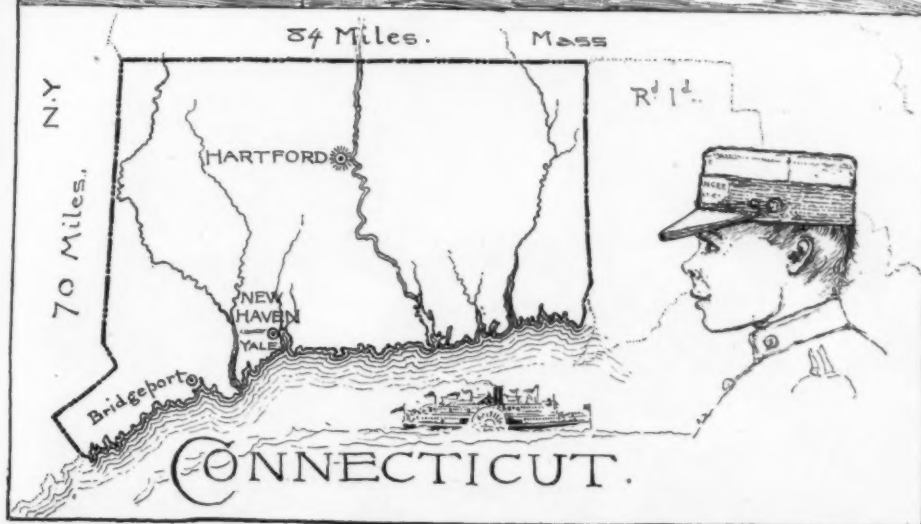
Good Roger Williams was a man
Who loved his neighbors well;
But for his faith they made him seek
Another place to dwell.

Among the Indians, in the woods,
To live in peace he went,
And down by Narragansett Bay
He made a settlement.

Although Rhode Island State is small,
Its census-roll is full,
Its mighty factories turn to cloth
Our cotton and our wool.



NOTE.—In shape, Rhode Island somewhat resembles a plowshare.





AT SCHOOL.

How hard, on composition day,
For kittens to know just what to say!

But easy 't is for all to sing:
"The cat ran off with the pudding-bag string,"
 Or, *"Ding, dong bell,*
Pussy's in the well!
Oh, what a naughty boy was that
To go and drown poor pussy cat!"



THE FROG'S FOURTH OF JULY.

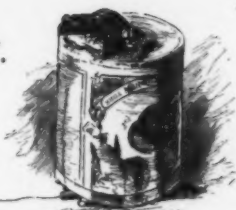
HAPPY little Frog! Of course he was going to see what Bobby, and Nelly, and Mamie, and Lee, and Louis, and Edyth, and Philip intended to do. Afraid of fire-crackers?—who? *he*? No, indeed! So he did not heed his mother's warning, but hopped off to the lovely grove at Woodreve, the children's summer home.

The nurses Kate, and Annie, and Mary spread a nice luncheon of cake and lemonade on the grass under the trees. It was very warm, and the children played, and swung, and fired torpedoes, and set off fire-crackers. They were getting restless and tired, when Bobby said: "Let's fill a tomato-can with fire-crackers, turn it bottom up, tilt it a little, and set fire to one of the crackers with a match tied to a long pole." The plan was hailed with delight. So they fixed it all, and then sat down to enjoy the great fright of the nurses, who were sewing and knitting under a tree not very far from the can, but with their backs to it.

The little frog had been hiding in the grass near by, and he did not understand at all why everything was suddenly quiet—so he hopped, and he hopped, and he hopped, and at last he hopped up on the can, so that he might see better. There he sat, puffed out with pride and staring all about, while the children stared back at the foolish fellow,—when bang! bang! went the crackers,—up went the can,—and over went little Mr. Frog into a black-berry bush! The nurses screamed, the little girls shrieked, the lemonade was turned over, the cake upset, Edyth's bottle of milk was broken, and such a time! But it did not last long, for fresh supplies came from the house. One of the ladies came out to ask what *was* the matter; and then all the children told the story, and laughed and laughed, at the fun. But the little frog rubbed his legs and scratched his head, wondering what had happened, and then hopped away to his home as fast as he could go—the most surprised little frog that ever saw a Fourth of July.

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BANG! BANG!



A STORY OF MIRAGE AT SEA.

THE steamer "El Norte," of the Morgan Line, which arrived here yesterday from New Orleans, reported a most remarkable mirage, or reflection, or whatever it was, seen off Hatteras on March 18th. On that day the mate of the ship, who was on duty, saw away to the westward a big bank of fog. The sea was smooth and the sun was shining. As he looked at the bank of fog lying off to the westward he saw the "counterfeit presentment" of about twenty-eight schooners outlined against the bank. Some were beating north against the wind, and some were sailing south before the wind. Although the weather was clear, a mist would every now and then settle down about the steamer and blot out the picture of the sailing vessels outlined on the fog-bank. Then the mist would disappear as suddenly as it had appeared, and the sailing schooners were seen hurrying north and south again. The spectacle began at six o'clock in the morning and lasted until eight o'clock.

Many people on the ship saw it. It was not like an ordinary mirage, but appeared to be some peculiar refraction of light from the morning sun which pictured the sailing schooners against the cloud-bank. No one of the schooners whose reflection was seen was above the horizon. The first officer said that some of the schooners could be seen with masts and sails and hulls above the water-line distinctly portrayed, while of others only the sails could be seen, and some of them were cut short off in the middle, and others did not show their topmasts.—*New York Tribune.*

SWALLOWS INSTEAD OF CARRIER-PIGEONS.

"It seems quite possible that the swallow will prove a successful rival to the carrier-pigeon in its peculiar line of service," said a gentleman from Washington, D. C., who was at the Southern Hotel last night. "I know a man who has been experimenting with these birds for years, and who managed to tame them and make them love their cage so that they will invariably return to it after a few hours' liberty. The speed of these messengers can be judged from a single experiment. The man of whom I speak once caught an untrained swallow which had its

nest on his farm. He put the bird in a basket and gave it to a friend who was going to a city 150 miles distant, telling him to turn the bird loose on his arrival there, and telegraph him as soon as the bird was set free. This was done, and the bird reached home in one hour and a half. Their great speed and diminutive forms would especially recommend swallows for use in war, as it would not be an easy matter to shoot such carriers on the wing."—*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BIG LEAVES.

WHAT trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm, of the banks of the Amazon, the leaves of which are no less than 50 feet in length by 10 to 12 in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of 20 feet, and the remarkable width of 16. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocconut-palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about 30 feet. The umbrella magnolia of Ceylon bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for 15 or 20 persons.

One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly 36 feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 395 pounds.—*The Scientific American.*

THE WOUNDED HERON.

A GENTLEMAN from this city was rowing down through the Narrows in a small boat one evening about two weeks ago, when his attention was attracted to a pair of night-herons which were standing upon a large rock near the water's edge. The discharge of a gun by a man concealed among the bushes on the river's bank was heard, and the birds took to their wings, uttering cries of distress as they flew. When nearly an eighth of a mile off, one of them was seen to falter, and it soon fell into the river. As his boat drew near, the gentleman perceived that the bird was wounded, and was swimming confidently toward him, as though claiming protection and help. He extended one of his oars, and the bird seized it with his sharp claws and suffered himself to be lifted out of the water. Upon examination, the gentleman found that the bird's right wing was broken, and that fractured bones were protruding. A linen handkerchief furnished bandages for the bleeding wing, until, upon arriving at New Castle, the wound was properly dressed by a surgeon, who admired the fortitude of his feathered patient during the painful operation. Portions of the bone had to be removed, but the doctor thought it possible for the bird to live if carefully nursed. Our friend

brought the bird to this city, and under careful treatment it soon regained its wonted health and strength, and was pronounced a "perfect beauty" by many ladies who called to see him. The wound healed rapidly, and the heron was allowed to go in quest of his mate as soon as he could fly.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union*.

A RACE OF 8000 MILES.

The sealing schooners "Allie I. Algar" and "Henry Dennis," owned by J. C. Nixon, have been heard from, Mr. Nixon having recently received letters from Captains Wester and Miner. The letters were written from Port Lloyd, Bonin Islands, where both vessels arrived February 8th, the Dennis dropping anchor just three hours after the Algar. Before the schooners left here some of the hunters offered \$200 as a reward for the one which made the shortest time from Cape Flattery to Bonin Islands. The Algar left here December 17th and the Dennis December 24th. The former's sailing time across the Pacific was forty-seven days, and the Dennis's forty-three days. The Algar lost four days at Honolulu, but this cannot be counted out. Mr. Nixon thinks it remarkable that two vessels should race 8000 miles and be so close together at the finish. He also thinks it the longest race on record.—*The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

UNCEASING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

The phenomenon known as lightning, followed by a rolling, reverberating report, recognized as thunder, is common to a wide zone of the earth, but it is not generally known that there are localities where the vivid flashes and the deafening peals are incessant. The most notable of these continuous lightning districts is on the eastern coast of the island of San Domingo, a leading member of the group of the West Indies. It is not meant that the lightning is here continuous the year round, but that, with the commencement of the rainy season, comes the zigzag electric illumination, which is then continuous, day and night, for weeks. The storm-center is not always in one place, but shifts over a considerable area, and, as thunder is seldom heard over a greater distance than eight miles, and the lightning in the night will illuminate so as to be seen thirty miles, there may be days in some localities where the twinkle on the sky is constantly kept up, while the rolling reports cannot be heard. Then again come days and nights when the electric artillery is piercing in its thunderclaps; and especially is this the case when two separate local cloud-centers join, as it were, in an electric duel, and, as sometimes occurs, a third participant appears to add to the elemental warfare. Then there is a blazing sky with blinding vividness and stunning peals that seem to hold the listener to the earth.—*The Pittsburg Dispatch*.

CREDIT TO A BOY.

PROFESSOR FRITZ, of Germany, states that his apparatus for photographing projectiles in flight is the invention of a little Scotch boy, named Vernon, twelve years old.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

NOSMO KING JONES.

THERE is a man in Washington who has a most uncommon name. His mother was on the lookout for

something original, and one day, before his christening, she noticed on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." This struck her fancy. Now, for a middle name. Later, coming along by the same building, she saw on the door the name "King." Ah, this was what she was after! "Nosmo King Jones he shall be," she said, and he was christened so. On the way home from church after the christening she passed the same building again. Both the doors were closed, and behold! the doors with the names on them she had selected were shut together, and she read, not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking," and her heart was grieved.—*The Boston Home Journal*.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

I WAS hunting duck on the Platte River in Nebraska, when my horse fell, throwing me under him. In the fall he broke his leg and I my foot. I lay under the horse. The animal looked at me and desperately tried to get up, but could not, owing to its broken leg. I could not move from pain and the weight of the horse. After a number of attempts at trying to extricate myself, I gave up in despair. Finally, with a human look in its eyes, that horse arched its sides and with a great effort rolled completely over, away from me. This released me, but I could not rise. My dog, who had been barking and jumping around, at once ran away at full speed, barking. In twenty minutes he returned, and with him a farm-hand, who said that the dog had attracted his attention by running up to him and whining and then running toward where I was lying. Finally the man followed him. I was carried to a farm-house and cared for, but not until I gave orders that my horse should be cared for, his leg set, and his life saved if possible. He is alive. So is the dog, and they romp together in the meadow at my farm. The horse cannot be used, so I've made him a pensioner.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

ROYAL LIFE-SAVERS.

BOTH the Queen of Portugal and the Queen Regent of Spain have distinguished themselves by saving life. The Portuguese queen threw herself into the Tagus on one occasion to save her children from drowning; while the Queen Regent of Spain rescued a little girl, not long ago, from a railway-train that was rapidly approaching a level crossing on which the child was playing.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

A JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN MAP.

IT would seem that kindergarten, or something like it, has spread to Japan. One of the schools in the Royal University of Tokio is held in a building so constructed that three sides or wings of the structure inclose a large court. This space is carefully leveled and covered with white sand, and in this sand is a map of Japan, laid out with the most mathematical accuracy as regards proportions and directions. The sand represents, of course, the seas which surround the Island Empire, and the loam, which represents the land, has little hillocks and elevations to represent mountains and table-lands, and corresponding depressions for valleys. The location of cities is distinctly marked, bays and gulfs are seen, and all the little interior islands are shown in the proper proportion of their size and distance from the main island.—*The Western Stationer*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

AN OFFER OF PRIZES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Black Bear inhabits a great many of the States and Territories of our country, a number of the Provinces of Canada and the Northwest Territory, and Alaska. It is a conspicuous and an interesting quadruped.

It is in my mind that a number of your bright boys and girls might enjoy a bit of original zoological work, with a prize or two at the end of it. If you will consent to print a full-page map of North America, showing the work of the leading prize-winner, ST. NICHOLAS might let the subject for investigation be: What parts of North America have been inhabited by the Black Bear during the last fifteen years?

The time allowed shall be seventy-five days from July 1, 1894, and results must be submitted by September 15, 1894. Judgment will be rendered by the undersigned, subject to the concurrence of Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the result will be announced in the Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS. The competition shall be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

- (1) An observation is considered authentic only when based on an animal that was seen, or killed, or its skin seen, by a reliable person, who vouches for its locality. A skull fully identified as having belonged to a Black Bear (*not* a cinnamon or grizzly) is satisfactory evidence.
- (2) With every locality listed must be given the year (month not essential) when the observation was made, the name of the observer, and, if copied from a printed report or article, the name of the publication is necessary.
- (3) It is not desirable to list localities that are less than 100 miles apart in the same State, or Territory.
- (4) This inquiry relates to the geographical distribution of the Black Bear only (*Ursus Americanus*), and not the cinnamon, nor "brown bear," nor grizzly. The cinnamon is to be regarded as a distinct variety.
- (5) Unsigned statements in newspapers are not to be considered as satisfactory authority unless verified in some way by the competitor.
- (6) This inquiry is to cover observations made during the past fifteen years only, or dating back to January 1, 1878. Observations prior to that time will not count.
- (7) This competition is open to any subscriber or regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS eighteen years of age and under. The competitor may receive advice from older persons as to the best methods to pursue in seeking information, or in regard to books, papers, collections, or correspondents likely to yield information. Any person may be asked for facts drawn from his own observations or collections, but aside from that the actual research and correspondence must be done by the competitor alone, and so certified with his list. This is required because the chief object of this offer is to stimulate original inquiry on a scientific subject.

SUGGESTIONS.—Consult the museum bulletins and reports of scientific societies in the libraries nearest you; glance through the latest books of North American travel and explorations; inspect the museum collections within your reach; consult the files of *Forest and Stream*, *The*

Field, and similar publications; question all hunters and travelers within reach; write to "The Postmaster" of the town or village nearest to any locality believed to contain the Black Bear, inclose a stamp, and ask him to give you the names and addresses of one or two reliable sportsmen who can tell you about places inhabited by the Black Bear.

Yours very truly,

W. T. HORNBADY.

ST. NICHOLAS heartily accepts Mr. Hornaday's suggestions, as set forth in this welcome letter, and gladly offers the following prizes:

For the best list of localities, dates, and authorities, according to the conditions named for the competition, *Fifteen Dollars and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle."* For the second best list, *Ten Dollars and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting."* And for the third best list, *Five Dollars.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE full-page picture printed on page 656 of the May number was copied for ST. NICHOLAS from a painting by Miss Maria Brooks, entitled "A Fine Lady," and owned by Mrs. Walter Watson, Jr., who kindly gave her consent to its reproduction in our pages.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE owe to Mr. Charles Battell Loomis both an apology for an oversight and our thanks for the following good-natured letter in which he calls attention to our mistake. The illustrated verse, "A Model Speller," on page 627 of the May ST. NICHOLAS, was wrongly credited, in the table of contents of that number, to Mr. Malcolm Douglas. It was really written by Mr. Loomis, and we sincerely regret that he did not receive the credit due him. In his letter, he says:

TORRINGFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By your courtesy the May number of your ever-charming magazine lies before me. A perusal of the table of contents tells me that my name is Malcolm Douglas, whose bit of nonsense verse, "A Model Speller," I know that I wrote. And yet I don't recollect having written the two clever rhymes, by Malcolm Douglas, on page 596.

A five-year reader of "Our Young Folks," I began twenty-one years ago to read ST. NICHOLAS, and I have never had cause to regret it, even though I was never represented in its pages. When I received this copy I felt a peculiar pride in the thought that at last my name

was to appear in the magazine that had brought delight to my boyish heart for so many years, and when I gazed upon the name of Malcolm Douglas I felt that I had not lived in vain. Yet to my boys I will still be known by the old familiar name (to them) of
(Yours very sincerely)

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy fourteen years old. We get you every month, and I like you very much. I have made up a little story about you, which I thought the readers of the "Letter-Box" might like to see.

Here it is. I will call it "A Dream about St. Nicholas." The other night I dreamed that, while out walking with "Tom Paulding," a friend of mine, we met "Two Girls and a Boy," who said they were going to explore "The White Cave." One of the girls said that her name was "Marjorie, and Her Papa" was going to join them at a certain turn in the road. The other girl's name was "Polly Oliver," and she asked us shortly how and when "Hollyberry and Mistletoe" first came to be used for Christmas decoration.

The boy was "Toinette's Philip," and he said: "'When I Was Your Age' I went with 'Tom Sawyer Abroad,' and spent 'Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa.'"

"The 'Recollections of the Wild Life' there are always with me," he added.

We determined to join them, and on our way we discussed "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and speculated as to how it was that he came to be "Crowded Out o' Crofield." We all agreed that "The Boy Settlers" had had considerable to do with the gaining of "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," and after this we turned our attention to "Polly Oliver's Problem."

We finally gave this up in despair, and were having a heated argument about the "Quadrupeds of North America," when "Lady Jane" went by in a handsome carriage drawn by two white horses.

The dust flew into my eyes, and I commenced to rub them, when suddenly I awoke and found myself sitting up in bed rubbing, not dust, but sleepiness, out of my eyes. I had been dreaming about ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours very truly, WILLIE J. M.—

SIoux CITY, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March number I saw a story called "Owney, of the Mail-bags." One day he was in this city, and I was glad I had read that story.

Owney seems to know that people look at him, and he stands still while they do so.

A gentleman here had his name and city engraved on a silver quarter and put on Owney's harness. He also had a Corn Palace medal put on, for, you know, this is the Corn Palace City.

The day after I saw him Owney started for San Francisco. Ever your reader, EMILY C.—

HUNTER'S HOE, NEAR FAIRFAX STATION, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long been intending to write a letter to you, but I never had anything very interesting to write. My sister and I took your magazine when we were very little children, and now that I am older (being eleven) I find new interest in the old numbers. We have just moved into the home of our grandparents—a quaint old house in Fairfax County, and near many of the celebrated battle-fields of the Civil War. The house is situated between Fairfax Court House and Manassas. Ten minutes' ride in the train brings us to the latter place.

But I must tell you about the house. It was originally owned by English people, whose slaves built it 137 years ago. Its date we found cut in a soft stone in one of the upper rooms. We also found some hand-made nails lying between two loose stones, which prove how old it is. There are fireplaces built in the cellar, and we heard that these were the slaves' quarters in those days. It seems so queer in this age of improvement to live in a house built of stone and mud, but we think it so quaint that we will not modernize it. The walls are two feet thick, and the chimneys are not built outside, as on the old frame houses of Virginia. What its name originally was I do not know, but Mr. Hunter bought it from an Englishman named De Niel, and sold it to my grandfather as Hunter's Hoe, which was changed from Hunter's Haugh, meaning Hunter's Meadow. The owners were no doubt millers, for there is an old mill-stone near by a branch, with two deep races leading to it. We often, in our rambles over the farm, find curious relics of the old days, such as arrow-points of slate and flint and tomahawks of stone and iron. I am ever your devoted reader,
C. DE W. I.—

FAIRFAX, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and enjoy reading it very much, and that is why I concluded to write to you and tell you about one of the industries of southern Michigan, where I live.

One of the most useful productions of this section is the peppermint plant, which is raised extensively on the marshes. The roots are planted in rows in April, and in a few weeks the ground is nearly covered with the dark-green foliage, which is very fragrant.

By the latter part of August the plant sends out a small purple blossom. It is then ready to be cut and distilled. The oil obtained from distilling the leaves is used by druggists and confectioners, and is very valuable.

The oil is refined, and also made into crystals called menthol, which are much used in medicine.

More peppermint is raised in St. Joseph County than in any other section of the world, and a great deal of the refined oil and crystals is shipped to Europe.

Yours, LAURENCE T.—

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have been reading your magazine for some time, it has been a great pleasure to us. We are two girls, fifteen and thirteen years of age. We thought we would tell you of a polly parrot we have. It was a black polly, with a white spot on his back. If company would come in the house, he would mock them when he thought they had stayed long enough. He would give them a hint to go, by saying, "Good-by, man; come back some day." He was a very impolite bird. My uncle has two colts and three horses. We have great sport with the colts. We often go riding. We go to the river most every day and gather shells in the summer. We have read a great many books, but your magazine takes the prize. Awaiting another of your magazines, Yours truly, HATTIE and DACY M.—

LA VETA, HUERFANO CO., COLO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen any letters from this State, I thought the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear about our part of the United States. I was twelve years old last November. My parents came here twenty-one years ago. They came here from Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y. When they came here the Indians were numerous. There is an old fort down-town that was built to protect the white settlers from the Indians. It belongs to Colonel Fransisco.

He was the first white settler here. He came here about thirty years ago. We live seventy-one miles south of Pueblo, on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. It is three miles on a straight line from the top of the Spanish Peaks to our ranch. Our town is a summer resort. It is a town of about 500 inhabitants. It is a great coal country. We are surrounded by hills that back East they would call mountains. There is nice, cool water here, and it is cool here all the year round. I have more to say, but it will take too much room.

Your loving reader, WILLET R. W.—, Jr.

THE BIRDS' LULLABY.

BY GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER (AGED ELEVEN).

UP on the lonely tree-tops high

The wind is singing the birds' lullaby;

It sings of the meadows so sweet and fair,

And of the flocks that were feeding there—

About the grasses and daisies high,

The wind doth tell in the birds' lullaby.

It tells of the river so swift and bold,

And of the mountains so icy cold;

It tells of the little brook so sweet,

And of the pebbles that shine beneath;

About the rabbit so soft and shy,

The wind doth tell in the birds' lullaby.

So sleep, little birds, in your nice warm nest,

For the great round sun has set in the west,

And mother above her birds would stay,

And the old wind sings as he goes his way,

And the little stars are in the sky—

That 's what he tells in the birds' lullaby.

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who live in the great city of Boston. Our little brothers, Louis and Robert, are very fond of you.

Papa once told us a story about a Frenchman who was traveling in Germany. He wanted some dinner, but did not know how to speak German. He wished for some mushrooms; so he drew a picture of them on paper. The waiter thought they were umbrellas, and went at once to get one. When the Frenchman saw what he had brought, he was very much disgusted, and at once left the restaurant. We are your affectionate readers,

ANNA AND ELLEN T—.

RYE, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are many interesting things in Colorado to tell about.

One day the children enjoy is "Watermelon Day." It is celebrated every year. One day in October is appointed, and the settlers build a pen about 100 feet by 50 feet, and fill it full of melons until they are piled higher than a man's head; and excursion-trains come in, bringing people from all over the State. It takes about six men to cut melons, and they have to work pretty hard to keep the people eating. It is funny to see the colored people devouring large slices with a grin broader than the melon. I am eleven years old, and live with my grandma.

MINNIE M—.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing a letter from my cousin in your March number, I thought I would write to you. I enjoy you very much, and am much indebted to my cousins in Ottawa (whom I have never seen) for sending you to us.

There are three of us—my mother, my brother, and myself, the youngest. We live in the south of Edinburgh, quite near to the Braid Hills, which are low-lying and flat, and are used for the purpose of playing golf, a game which almost everybody plays at Edinburgh. I like sailing very much, and would like some day to visit my uncle in Ottawa. I have made a tour through the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland in a steamer belonging to my uncle, who is at Glasgow. The scenery is very beautiful there, though in some parts rocky and wild. I think that the west coast is much prettier and nicer than the east coast of Scotland. I have never been out of Scotland and England. We were greatly interested in the story called "Toinette's Philip," and I liked the one called "Tom Sawyer Abroad" very much. I remain your interested reader,

ARCH. M. L—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Allan C., Arthur B., Victor J. W., Helen G. M., Andrew B. B., Jay S. P., Jean N. R., Anna M. P., Florence E. H., A. T. B. W., Rosalind D., Grace M., Marie S. N., Robert H. B., Edythe C., Miriam S., Ernestine F., Pearl F., Henry W. P., Marion W., Dorothy T., Mabel H., Laurence B., Hetty M. A., L. Olive R. H., Juan José A., Madeline J., Olive C., Addie R., Lena S., Ethel B., Faith and Rose T., Wilfred B., Laurence W. W., John W. L., May W. and Virginia F., Daisy M., Clara S. M., Maud N., Anne B. D., W. T. S., Margaret W., "Polly," Grace A. and Bessie C., Arthur B., Ruth H., Beatrice B., Cornelia C. W., Laura B. A., Elizabeth J. H., Mary S., Harold W. M., Bessie P., Dora P., Paul P., Harry R. S., Nathalie H. and Louise I., Jeanette B., M. K. E. H., Gertrude S., Mabel B. S. and Katharine R. C., Laura and Olive, Alda L. A., F. H. McL., Clyde M., Charles W. A., Mary D., J. Waters, C. Ernest J., John C. H., Julia and Fay K., Florence C. B. A. and J. and E., Phelps T., Pauline R., Edith M. H., Rachel I. G., Beatrice L. and Edith C., Rupert S. J., Will P. L., Paul D., Margery T. B., George McV., Walter K., E. H. R., Clarice and Circe V., Florence E., A. B., H. M. L., R. M., F. P. W., Vida V., Helen P., Letty G., M. D., Frank G. M., Jr., Anna, Marian and Laura, Harry S. M., Mattie L. G., Frank O. L., James C., Edith M., Cora E. C., Flossie I. C., Edna A. T., Maude E., Gracie N., Nelson L. P., Agnes H. B., Ellen J., Miriam C., Ella and Ida T., Helen R. H., Anna L., R. H. L. D., Virginia B. W., S. L. H., Eveleen W., May W., Florence H., Isabel and Clara D., Herbert M., Guy H. B., Blanche N., John R. B., Elizabeth L. M., L. S. M. R., Ethel A. G., Carla S., Roderick ten B., Mary M., Camilla and Janette B., Minna J., Hastings C., Lilian C. H., A. H. and G. L., Elaine S. O., Clarice and Lulu H., Miriam H. N., Elizabeth A. P., Ethelwyn R. D., Ralph C. J., Lulu, Gertie and Katie S., Harold H. N., Don G., Louise T., Lorenz N., Helen C., Gertrude A. W., Nena I. E., Rose G., Hattie A. M., Herbert W., Miriam H., C. M. B., Bertie C., Mollie B. H., Mabel C., J. Elton B., E. O. W., Edith E. M., John B. S., Jr., A. F. B., Kitty W., Jennie R., Gertrude M. S., "Betsey," Alice L. P., Edith M. K.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Zambo. 2. Aloud. 3. Moose. 4. Busto. 5. Odeon.

PL. Fair and green is the marsh in June;
Wide and warm in the sunny noon.
The flowering rushes fringe the pool
With slender shadows, dim and cool.
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls;
Into his nest a roseleaf falls,
The blueflag fades; and through the heat,
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.

ANAGRAM. "The Father of Medicine."

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Andromache. Cross-words: 1. parAgob. 2. evcNing. 3. shaDing. 4. depRive. 5. barOnet. 6. terMite. 7. wreAthe. 8. sinCere. 9. fasters. 10. divErge.

A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA. "The American Rhine." 1. Tiber. 2. Hoosac. 3. Elbe. 4. Amazon. 5. Milwaukee. 6. Edisto. 7. Rio Grande. 8. Irrawaddy. 9. Colorado. 10. Anoor. 11. Nile. 12. Rhone. 13. Hong-Kiang. 14. Indus. 15. Niger. 16. Ebro.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

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HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to a person of excessive enthusiasm.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A deep yellow color. 2. A French coin. 3. An insect. 4. In hour-glass. 5. Devoured. 6. A subterfuge. 7. Drawing utensils. E. W. W.

CUBE.

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FROM 1 TO 2, a bird of prey; from 1 to 3, rascals; from 2 to 4, to wreath; from 3 to 4, meat that has been minced and highly seasoned; from 5 to 6, form of speech;

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Load. 2. Once. 3. Ache. 4. Deed. II. 1. Heed. 2. Eddy. 3. Edge. 4. Dyed. III. 1. Gems. 2. Edit. 3. Mica. 4. Stay.

DROP-LETTER PROVERBS. 1. A burnt child dreads the fire. 2. Enough is as good as a feast. 3. A friend in need is a friend indeed. 4. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

DIVIDED WORDS. 1. Bar-rel, val-ley, barley. 2. Nove-mber, fau-ly, novelty. 3. For-ego, cl-ever, forever. 4. Sup-crib, simply, supply. 5. Bro-nse, dar-ken, broken.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. Bird, bard, card, care, cage. Bird, bard, bars, bass, bast, best, nest.

ZIGZAG. "Coronation of Queen Victoria." Cross-words: 1. Cram. 2. cOwl. 3. foRK. 4. zerO. 5. caNt. 6. Ang. 7. Tome. 8. mInk. 9. bOt. 10. shuN. 11. ErOs. 12. aFar. 13. Quit. 14. fUme. 15. skEe. 16. waNE. 17. buNk. 18. OVID. 19. Iris. 20. aCid. 21. ioTa. 22. CatO. 23. laRK. 24. Nile. 25. Arid.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Barbary. Cross-words: 1. craBbed. 2. slAng. 3. aRt. 4. B. 5. cAb. 6. faRce. 7. plaYers.

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from 5 to 7, clear; from 6 to 8, convolved; from 7 to 8, disfigured; from 1 to 5, empty; from 2 to 6, previously; from 4 to 8, watched; from 3 to 7, a kind of nail with a large head.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.

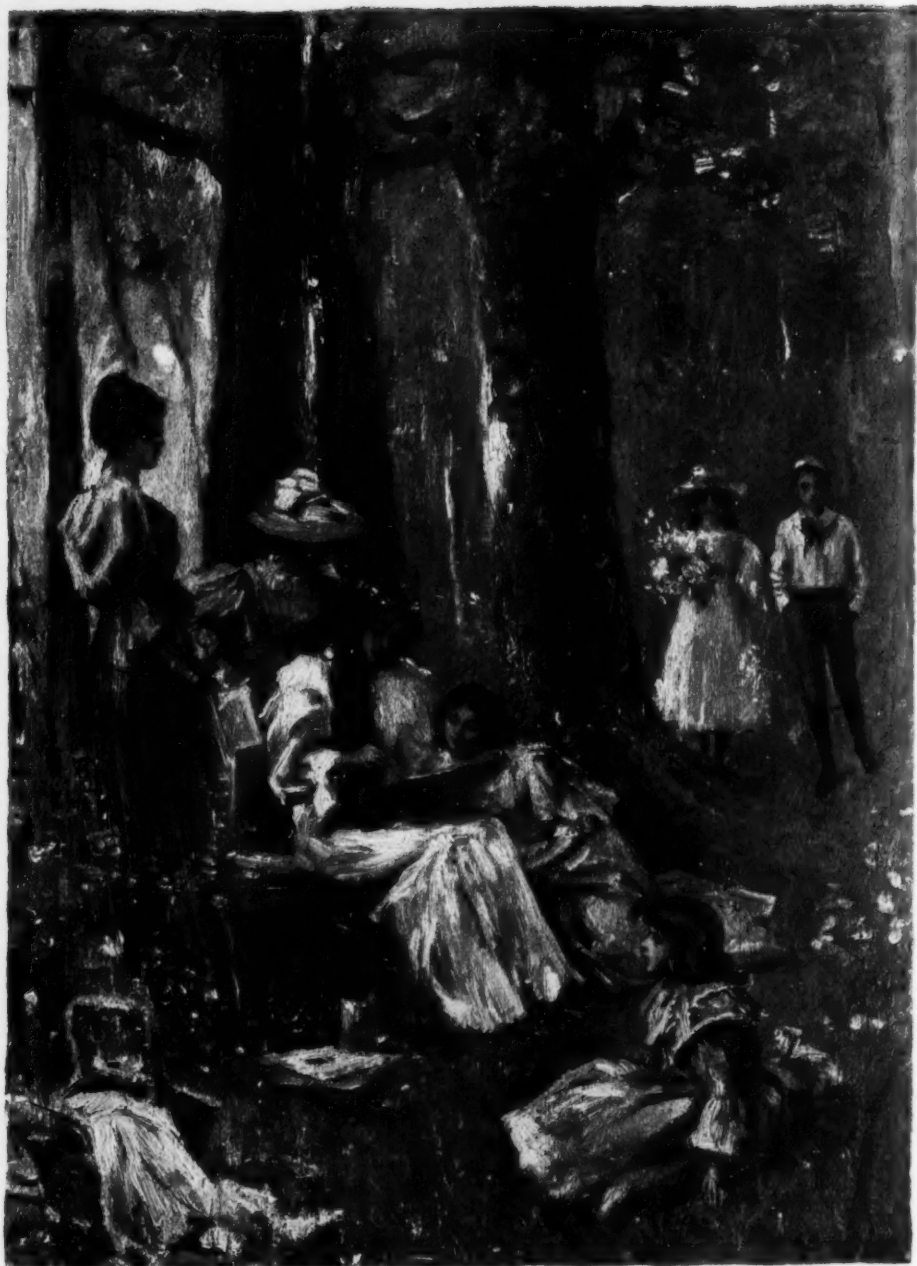
PL.

TOH mudremsim's detpet norce,
Twese ot em hyt swordy note
Stell fo stoneculs synnu suroh,
Glon sayd; dan lodis skabn fo swesfor;
Fo glufs fo stewnesse thouwit bundo,
Ni Idnian swissrendeel dofun;
Fo Saniry capee, moralmit surelie,
Strifem reech, dan kidbrile ralesupe.

SOME LETTER-WORDS.

EXAMPLES: A crowded letter. Answer, D-pressed. A fettered letter: A-bound.

1. A quiet letter. 2. A varied letter. 3. A numbered letter. 4. An appropriated letter. 5. A widely known letter. 6. A saucy letter. 7. A suspended letter. 8. A bruised letter. 9. A sloping letter. 10. A talking letter. 11. A masticated letter. 12. A classified letter. 13. A lamented letter. 14. A separated letter. 15. An inhabited letter. 16. A delayed letter. 17. Two powdered letters. 18. Two packed letters. A. C. BANNING.



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

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